



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE bankers of Canada, with few exceptions, we are told, do not think a Canadian branch of the British Mint will be of any use to this country. Perhaps not, but it will be a nice thing to see Canadian-coined gold pieces, even if we have to look longingly at them in a broker's window. In this country we want the most modern improvements, and without doubt gold coins will be largely used as the medium of circulation in British Columbia, as they are in the Pacific coast States of the Union. This will decrease the circulation profits of the banks, and of course the bankers foresee this, and would prefer things to be otherwise. Canadian bank bills are not negotiable at par in the United States, except along the Dominion border, but if we have gold coins of the same denominations as those of the United States, an ever recurring embarrassment will be avoided when the peoples of the two countries visit one another. Of course this presumes upon Canadian gold being made into coins on the decimal system, not into sovereigns or guineas. The latter would only be a nuisance, but the former would be a step in the direction of introducing the decimal system into the Empire as a whole. The Empire now has practically one flag, one language and one sentiment, and it is time we approached a common basis of coinage and currency.

JOHN CHARLTON, who as a Liberal has represented North Norfolk in the House of Commons for many years, is a peculiar man. A Yankee by birth, he has always been suspected, by the Tories at least, of being an annexationist at heart. During the period when the Liberals believed that a new reciprocity treaty could be had with the United States, John Charlton was always the chief mover and spokesman in the matter. Indeed, he was often a self-appointed committee of one to promote such schemes as "commercial union," "reciprocity," "a better understanding," etc. In season and out of season—mostly the latter—Mr. Charlton was ready to talk and write in favor of his hobby, and if there is a man in the Liberal party or the Dominion of Canada who has done more to give the Yankees a wrong impression of Canada's sentimental and commercial situation, and to cast doubts upon the sincerity of Liberal preferences for British trade, I do not know his name. Apparently because it did not seem prudent to make Mr. Charlton a Cabinet Minister, he was given a position on the International Commission, which made such protracted but abortive attempts to bring about reciprocity and a settlement of the questions in dispute between the United States and Canada. No Canadian was better equipped as to facts, yet no one could have been less influential or worse balanced at so important a juncture than John Charlton. The Conservative press literally howled when they read the interviews he gave to United States newspaper men, and indeed throughout the whole of Mr. Charlton's public life he has been, to the Tories, the chief Grit "suspect." Every time he spoke or wrote, the Conservatives insisted upon making him the mouthpiece of the Liberal party; and a great deal of the cloud of doubt which was at one time cast upon the Liberal party owing to its toying with Yankee politics, was due to the imprudent and non-representative position of the member for North Norfolk. The Liberals appear to have been too well acquainted with Mr. Charlton's faculty for perhaps unconsciously making mischief, to give him a seat in the Cabinet, and I imagine they have had reason to regret giving him a position on the Commission. It is but a few months ago that Mr. Charlton made his last frantic appeal to the United States for better trade relations, and in "The Forum" presented an array of statistics calculated to create a false impression in the minds of the people to the south of us. At the time I endeavored on this page to point out his lack of tact and wisdom, for his arguments went entirely to prove that the United States could not do better in their own interest than to maintain their present hostile attitude with regard to their treatment of our exports.

Now Mr. Charlton, evidently disappointed and sore, has become seriously alienated from the Liberal party, and in order not to lose his vocation as an embarrassment to his old-time friends, has become an insidious and unfriendly critic of the Administration. To become effectual in his new role, he has declared in favor of a reciprocity of tariffs as far as the United States is concerned. This means that he would simply put the same tariff against their goods which they put against ours, though the circumstances of importation and exportation are vastly different in the two cases; and furthermore, he is now willing to cast himself at the foot of the British throne, imploring aid to commercially punish the United States, and petitioning for some reciprocal inter-Empire trade arrangement. Space does not permit a discussion of a proposition which would be not only untimely, but hopeless. As a negotiator of reciprocal trade arrangements Mr. Charlton has been a distinct and irritating failure. Nevertheless, the Conservative press and stump speakers have taken this long-abused sage, whose eyes they said had from childhood been "fixed upon Washington," to their hearts as if he were the greatest statesman in the land. The leader of the Opposition seems to sleep most peacefully when he has Mr. H. H. Cook on one side and the member for North Norfolk on the other, snuggling coily under the blankets of his cold, if virtuous, political couch.

Two men could not have been selected from the Liberal party who were more sincerely detested by the Conservatives or treated with greater ridicule by the Tory press. True, they have been old-time Liberals, and may have very good reason for feeling disappointed at not receiving promotion, but it is also true that, owing to lack of judgment, no two men were more embarrassing to their friends than they were. Surely not even a caucus of the least meritorious or representative Conservatives would admit either one of the "bolters" into their council. Nevertheless, it appears to be of this sort of material, which the Liberal party is quite properly shedding off, that the little bunch of disgruntled Reformers of which the Conservatives make so much, is composed. Fortunately, perhaps, for the Conservatives, Mr. Cook will not be in Parliament to embarrass them by his friendship, but Mr. Charlton will be there, and will, no doubt, as usual, propose his bill to raise the age of consent from eighteen to eighty, to urge his Sabbath observance measure, and to get the whole country in trouble over some unworkable trade scheme. Truly the affections of Mr. Charlton's newly-found friends will then be put to a sore test.

A CORONER'S jury in this city found a verdict last Monday night that a certain married woman had come to her death by taking noxious drugs for illegal purposes. The jury also urged that an Act should be passed by the Legislature prohibiting the sale of drugs such as those used in the case which they had been examining, and "that the advertising of patent preparations for such purposes should be made an offence against the Criminal Code." It is not necessary to dwell on the death in conclusion of the unfortunate woman in order to make evident the terrible nature of the offence against humanity which those newspapers are committing that persist in announcing in their advertising columns the names of these preparations and the places where they can be obtained.

More than once on this page I have referred to the fact that every daily newspaper in this city carries this class of advertising, for which I am told double rates are charged. In the Canadian Press Association the matter was at one time discussed, and not a voice was raised in defence of these articles, which are either deceptions or are sold for criminal purposes. Until the facts were brought out by the recent unfortunate occurrence, I had always held that the goods were probably harmless medicinally, but swindles commercially. It seems, however, that deadly drugs are really being sold to women who believe that they can break the laws of nature with regard to maternity without injury to themselves or their reputations. Certainly the newspapers cannot feel very proud of themselves when they find a coroner's jury asking the Legislature to make a portion of their advertising business a criminal offence. Not long ago, when discussing Mr. German's bill for licensing the advertisement and sale of patent medicines and proprietary articles, I drew attention to this particular line of "business," and suggested that all reputable patent medicine dealers should unite to suppress those features of advertising and vending preparations which are either swindles or are intended for criminal purposes. It is to be hoped that every reputable newspaper will discard such advertising before being forced to do so by the criminal law, but at all hazards the traffic should be stopped.

PRESIDENTIAL elections in the United States generally cause some ripple of interest in Canada, but the McKinley-Bryan contest has scarcely excited an edi-

intended to do when they agreed to meet. My correspondent remarks that "it is very easy to criticize, but what remedy did you suggest? You wrote a column of generalities based on the treatment of women towards each other." Again I protest that I was not the doctor; I have not had a convention with myself to decide what to do; I did not disperse and even agree to meet again. My generalities consisted of facts, presented in due meekness of spirit, with the hope that someone would make a suggestion of what ought to be done. What would the lady have me do? Start a cooking-school, or urge the men of Canada to gather together and solve the servant girl question? I ventured the suggestion that if women treated one another a little more kindly, probably their servants would stay longer with them, and that women would not so strenuously object to being employed as domestics. This needs no college or convention to teach. Again my correspondent asked "if the doctors experimented on any special case during their recent convention at Ottawa." Certainly not, nor did I raise any objection to the absence of experiments on baking cakes and pies in the H. E. A. That was not expected, but the doctors agreed to do something, and pointed out specifically the things which should be done, and we can all see how the results they desired can be brought about.

"But when a few women," etc. This is the feminine phase of it. The ladies think that because of their sex we take the liberty of jeering at them when they assemble in conventions. It is not the case. Men would be delighted to see the women of America engaged in con-

it strikes me that we will all be beyond cooking (unless the orthodox people are correct), and sweeping, and dish-washing, before this domestic millennium can be brought about. A great many merchants do not know how to keep books; they have an employee for that purpose, and as a rule they leave him alone, or at least treat him politely. The trained nurses get along very nicely with their patients, and the patients do not have to take a course in a school before being able to live in harmony with their attendants. Typewriters are working at almost starvation pay for men who cannot manipulate a typewriter or write shorthand, and the professional man or merchant never thinks it necessary to take a course in these branches before daring to engage such an employee. Why should it be much different in domestic service?

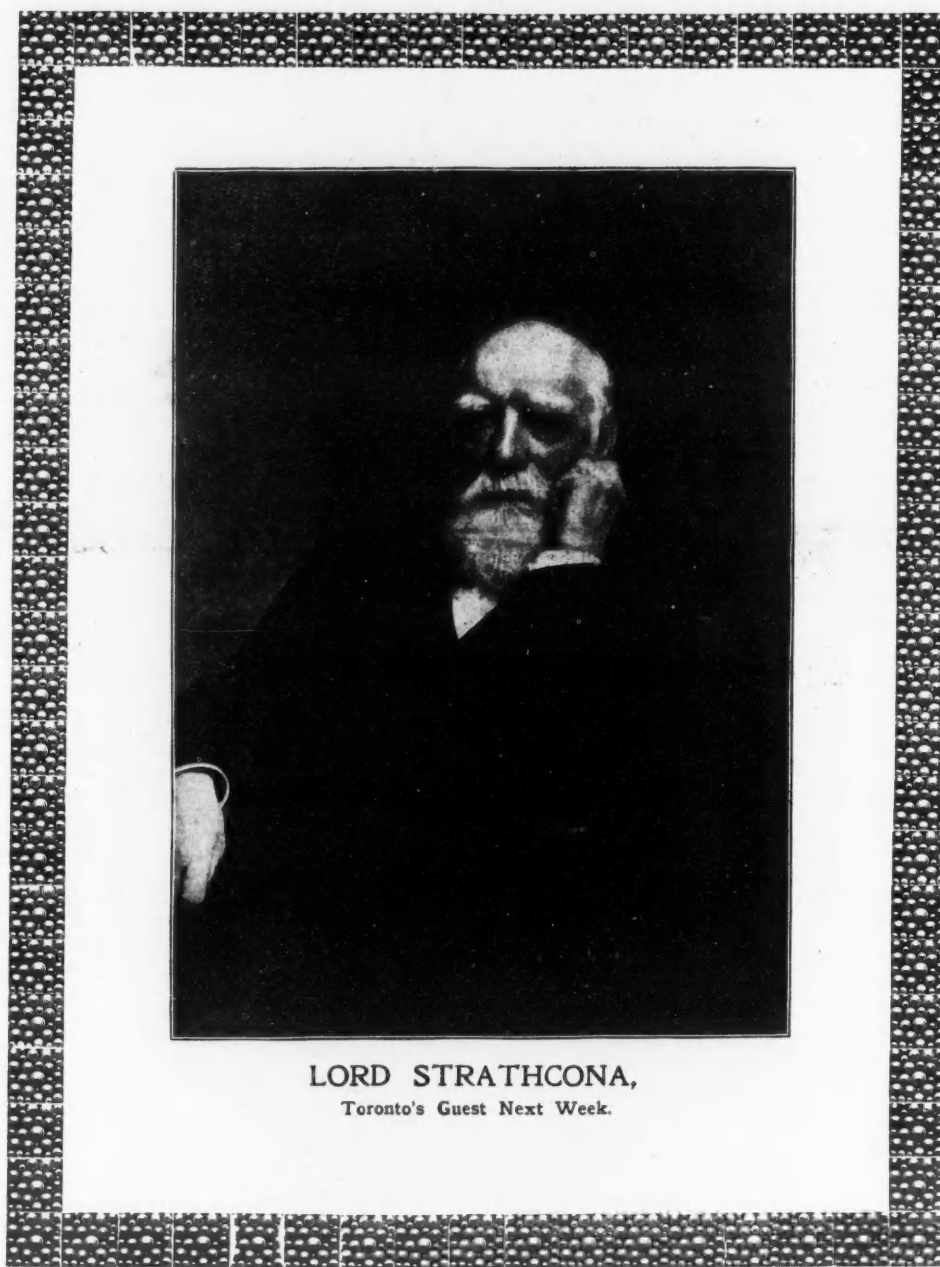
I assert again that what is needed is not so much schools and colleges of domestic science for mistresses and maids, as a little more domestic application of the golden rule. Family life is such that it cannot be controlled by conventions or Associations. No amount of education bestowed upon a clerk or an employer in the science of book-keeping or clerking would prevent the same trouble in offices as ladies have in their homes, if the employer was surly and unfair, or the clerk sullen and resentful. There are a great many things which are not a matter of knowledge or education, and the greatest of all is charity. Until the women who employ servants learn that lesson, all the associations in the world, all the conventions that can be called between now and doomsday, will be unavailing to fill domestic situations or to improve the quality of the household employee. Nevertheless, I can assure my correspondent that if at any time I can be of help to the cause which she has so seriously at heart, I shall be very glad to place as much of my time and energies at her disposal as I can possibly spare.

ALL things come to those who wait, and the new Palace Hotel is almost here—that is to say, the lawyers are beginning to talk of transferring the property and opening up Victoria street. The magnificent structure, we are told, has already been leased, ground will be broken for it shortly, and nothing now remains to be done but to build it. It is to cost \$1,500,000, and will be ready for occupancy in two years. Isn't it nice to feel that we have at least one big thing off our minds? The scheme was for so long knocking around loose in our think-tanks that it was beginning to wear holes in our memories.

EXPERIMENTS intended to demonstrate that mosquitoes are the most common means of conveying malaria, have been in progress in several parts of the world. Chief amongst them were the observations of two English doctors who built a mosquito-proof hut on the Campagna at Rome, where malarial fevers of the most malignant type are so prevalent that it has been held that no foreigner spending the summer there could escape infection. The doctors have almost completed their stay, and during the months they have been living in the hut, though they have taken no drugs nor precautions of any kind to ward off fevers, except protecting themselves from mosquitoes, their health has not suffered in the slightest degree. Extracts from medical papers which have been published from time to time show that the most learned men of the profession are taking the experiment seriously, and believe that the deadly nature of the mosquito's bite has been demonstrated. Some go so far as to allege that mosquitoes which have been in contact with malignant fevers can be transported for thousands of miles and yet convey enough poison with their bite to inoculate a person. As an outcome of this theorizing and experimenting, numerous processes for destroying mosquitoes have been applied with varying success, but the medical experts are confident that cheap and effectual methods will soon be offered. If some simple scheme can be devised it will bring joy to the heart of the Canadian settler, huntsman, prospector, fisherman and miner, for the chief curse of our unsettled district is the ferocious mosquito. I have tried fishing and exploring in the leafy month of June in the back lands of Ontario, and I was glad to get out alive. The mosquitoes actually bite one until the poison seems to saturate one's whole system. There is no preparation which can be rubbed over the face or hands which will do much more than dull their appetite for a few minutes, and even Indians and cattle take flight before a really fierce cloud of these pests, which now appear to be such deadly enemies of human life as well as happiness.

THE dearth of interesting reading matter in the newspapers at the present moment is phenomenal. What with the war in South Africa and the Philippines and in China; the elections in England, the United States and Canada; the confederation of Australasia and the reconstruction of British Africa, and the usual pages of sports and markets, there seems to be no space left for anything else in the newspapers printed in the English language. The literary weeklies, reviews, magazines and quarterlies are also soaked with wars and politics. The illustrated journals, too, are filled with pictures of marches, night attacks, sieges, and incidents of the various campaigns. Looking through a big batch of newspapers and magazines every week, as a writer must to keep in touch with what is going on, I have got surfeited to the point of nausea with the whole business, and everywhere I see signs of a kindred sensation in others. Surely something will turn up soon when there will be an opportunity of relief and change afforded to the reading public. Perhaps those who have never had to do with putting a newspaper together do not know how vigorously newspaper makers struggle against the tide, in their efforts to get something new and to keep off the worn-out subjects which, until election day is over or war is won or lost, insist upon pushing themselves to the front. It is no tribute to the originality of those engaged in the newspaper business to admit that it is almost impossible to get out of the beaten track. One may make vows to write nothing about wars, yet either the dearth of other matters or something which seems of passing interest drags in the same footsore old subject. It is easy to argue with oneself that people are tired of politics, and that the daily papers are so full of it that a weekly which hopes to entertain should avoid such a controversial subject, but in spite of all resolutions, politics climb in and are apt to occupy a principal place. It is similar to what the English newspapers call the silly season, when with one accord the weary and roasting journalists of London write the most startling things about nothing. Perhaps people are more interested in wars and politics than I imagine them to be, but it seems impossible for anyone to take an interest in the fog end of a war or the lukewarm beginning of a political campaign. However, for the next couple of weeks we will have it red-hot, and then it will be over.

Toronto and East York have never had a better class of candidates, nearly all of them business men and all of them of good repute in the community. Nevertheless, this will not save the campaign from heated arguments and more or less bitter personalities. It is strange how men ordinarily mild and complaisant in their manners, suddenly become possessed of an intense desire to call their opponents hard names, and to talk and act as if their political rivals



LORD STRATHCONA,  
Toronto's Guest Next Week.

torial comment in any of our newspapers or caused more than a passing discussion, though it will be over in but little more than a week. In the United States the apathy of the voters is so great as to alarm even the Republicans, who are, nevertheless, betting five to one on their candidate. The only fear seems to be that there is so little interest taken that the voters may not turn out, and something may accidentally happen to let Bryan slip in. As far as Canada is concerned, no one will lose any sleep or waste any prayers over the "Popocratic" candidate. Last election there was a little warmth felt for the under dog in the fight, but since Bryan has shown himself to be a thorough demagogue, the enemy of Great Britain and everything else of a solid character, this Dominion will neither cheer nor groan when they hear of his defeat. On the other hand, McKinley's re-election may stiffen his back and enable him to show that kindly sentiment towards England which he doubtless feels but has been afraid to display. Elections being over and no third term possible, McKinley may act more like a man and less like a puppet when the worst elements of the United States clamor that something should be done to damage Great Britain or her colonies.

A LADY has written me with regard to my criticism of the convention of the Household Economic Association, and as she has marked the communication private I shall refrain from publishing it, much as I would like to see it in print. She is evidently so much offended at what I have said that she hardly knows whether to cry or scold, so she compromises on writing a long letter, which incidentally points out how badly I have acted in this matter. As it is evident that I have fallen several pegs in the opinion of an estimable lady, I really feel sorry I spoke, though I am not convinced that I was wrong. Quoting my remark, "I am unaware than anything was done," she enquires, "What would you have had done?" I really do not know what I would have had done, and as I did not set up the association nor call the convention, I do not think it is fair to ask me even what the delegates

ventions which mean something, for next to the mistress of the house the husband has to bear a good many of the ills which the unsolved servant girl question causes. I think I could appeal to all my masculine acquaintances and receive not only their support, but their subscriptions, towards any reasonable movement for the solution of this tiresome topic, of which we hear so much at home and read so much in the newspapers.

A rather hard hit comes from her gentle pen: "The very type of women which you so clearly describe will be the ones to circulate your article and chuckle to find a clever journalist snubbing these meddlesome Matties. It is just among such women as those who read 'Saturday Night' that we find the greatest apathy as to a remedy, and the greatest discontent as to conditions." Perhaps so, but is it kind to put it in this way? I imagine that the ladies who read "Saturday Night" are as cultured and intelligent a class as is appealed to by any newspaper in Canada. I am sure I did not intend to be a stumbling-block to the Association, but tried to present the subject as I found it, and if I have misunderstood the scheme I am only one of many who still wonder what end was really served.

My correspondent goes on to say, "Every other business has a method by which employer and employees understand each other, and their regulations are such that the bookkeeper, clerk, teacher, and so forth, may change situations with little change of method." This is quite true, but it is not a parallel case to that of domestics. Each family has its own notions with regard to cooking, hours, deportment, dress, and a dozen other things which need not be mentioned. Clerks, teachers, and so on, are governed by such definite rules as I am afraid would be utterly impossible as applied to all households. The idea of educating both mistresses and servants so that cooks and housemaids may go from one family to another and go about their work without friction and with as little direction as a bookkeeper would receive when he takes charge of a merchant's ledger, is perhaps a good one, but



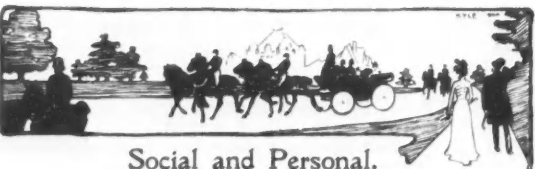
were abandoned creatures. Who would have thought, for instance, that Mr. W. R. Brock, one of the merchant princes of the city, who in the dry goods business makes money out of Grit and Tory alike and is one of the mildest-mannered and most benevolent of men, would open his campaign by asserting that "throughout the country the words Liberal, Reformer and hypocrite are synonymous"? This is a hard saying, which will rankle long in the memories of Liberal voters, and perhaps will not be speedily forgotten by some of Mr. Brock's good customers. Political speakers should be careful to avoid these well-rounded and sweeping phrases, for more elections have been lost by the bitter and easily remembered shot of a speaker, than have been won by long and eloquent speeches. It is admitted that Rev. Dr. Burchard's alliterated phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," defeated one of the strongest Presidential candidates who ever offered himself in the United States. Mr. Sam Blake's celebrated remark concerning "bastard Protestants" piled up a resentful majority of over two thousand in South Toronto. Moreover, Mr. Brock's saying is in itself absurd, for we cannot divide the people of Canada into two political parties and have all the hypocrites in one and all the honest, straightforward gentlemen in the other. Probably hypocrites and political corruptionists, and people who do not care a pennyworth either way, are mixed in with Grits and Tories in pretty much the same proportion.

Throughout all of Ontario the coming contest will be on lines which are without precedent. The present franchise—"one man, one vote"—has never been applied to the present constituencies, and no one can prophesy with any degree of exactness what the result will be, even if there is very little change of political sentiment. One would think that the "one man, one vote" principle would be well understood in Toronto by this time, but I have already met a number of men who have gleefully told me that they had "four good Tory votes to cast, one in each of the three Torontos, and one in East York," etc. This absence of information indicates that the politics of the country have not been very closely followed by these gentlemen. We may be sure that those who do not discover this mistake until they travel a few miles to deposit their ballots, will give the returning officers a warm time while explanations are being made.

THE Irish are supposed as a people to be better endowed with jollity and light-heartedness than any other nationality, but an Irish-Canadian lady the other day called my attention to the fact that an eminent somebody has recently written an article pointing out that while these qualities were once conspicuous in the Irish race, they have ceased, or are ceasing, to be noticeable features of the people of the Emerald Isle or their descendants in America. I have not seen the article in question, but the moment the statement was made I began to think whether or not my acquaintances who are Irish by birth or descent are merrier or freer from care than those with whom I am fairly intimate who belong to other nationalities. I do not think they are. The people of no nationality in the world who have come to America have joined more feverishly in the race for money or political preferment than the Irish, and ambition is certainly a kill-joy and a worry the shadows of which the lightest heart cannot resist. My fair friend told me that the writer who had asserted that gloom more frequently now darkened the Irish face than hilarity brightened it, gave as a leading reason the long years of intolerant British rule and the poverty and heavy labor which resulted from it. I think the reasons I have given are much nearer the truth, for in Ireland itself, if my short experience was sufficient to enable me to judge, the peasantry and those who feel most keenly the effects of absentee landlordism and high land rentals, are much jollier and freer from care than Irish-Americans are. This is also true of the working classes and peasantry of Germany and some sections of France. The stolidity of the English, the canny nature of the Scotch, and the reserve of the Welsh, do not readily lend themselves to laughter and an abandonment of care. The Irishman at home, or the new arrival on this continent, is still typical of the people of the green island, who have always been traditional as a happy-go-lucky and light-hearted race.

It is not strange, however, that even those with the brightest faces and lightest hearts become grave and care-worn when they become a part of the great tide which sweeps onward with resistless eagerness in the pursuit of wealth, place or prominence. Except the darkies in the South, the United States has no light-hearted race, and even the black people are losing their care-free recklessness of the morrow. Race prejudices, the laws preventing them from mixing with the whites, lynchings, and the struggle for bread and a betterment of their condition, have already left their impress on the hearts and habits of the American negro. Even in the time of slavery, so observers have stated, there was less fierceness and resentment amongst the blacks than now exist. Probably the French-Canadians are to-day more contented with their lot and freer from care than any nationality which could be mentioned. But political agitators and the clamor for more education, higher wages, more high places in politics, the professions, and in business, will soon have their effect. Already attention has been called to the fact that French-Canadians who go to the big mill towns of New England, return to Canada with the germs of social discontent in their hearts and a carelessness of religious duties which did not exist when they left their native parishes.

When we ask what we are all gaining by this money-grubbing and place-hunting, "Nothing" is the only answer which comes out of weariness and disappointment. On this continent, where it is comparatively so easy to make a comfortable living, there is no reason why we should all go about looking as if we were pursued by the demon of care, avarice or vaulting ambition. Yet this is the common lot, and the old-time infectious laughter is dying out, the rollickings and merrymaking in country places are giving way to stiff dances, buggy rides and tiresome picnics or a wearisome trip to some distant fair. Where is the laughter gone, and what have we got in its place?



Social and Personal.

IF "to be well done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly" applies as well to a bridal as to the doing of a kindness, then the marriage at which society turned out last week was done as well as may be. Scarcely had people gotten accustomed to the thought of some day bidding good-bye to Miss Constance Beardmore when she left us with her sailor lover, than the cards for her post-nuptial greetings were abroad. And it was as bright and perfectly arranged a function, with as bonnie and insouciant a bride to crown it, as if six months, instead of six days or so, had been filled with preparations. Miss Beardmore and Captain Kingsmill were married at St. George's in the presence of relatives, Oct. 17; and the scene of the ceremony was most quietly impressive and beautiful. Canon Cayley read the service at half-past four. The church was decorated with palms, and great nosegays of American Beauties, tied with floating white ribbons, marked the seats occupied by the witnesses. Miss Beardmore's wedding robe was of white satin trimmed and trimmed with rare lace, the same airy material forming guimpes and sleeves. Her veil of tulle was fastened with a diamond star, and her necklace was of pearls. The bridal bouquet was of roses, with trailing ferns and lily of the valley. Mr. A. O. Beardmore's little daughter, Miss Dorothy, in a pleated frock of white crepe de chine, and a wreath of lilies, was the little attendant maid, and Mr. Walter Kingsmill



MISS CONSTANCE BEARDMORE.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KINGSMILL.

was best man. Mr. Percy Manning, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. Kelly Evans and Mr. Scott Griffin ushered the smart company to their seats. Captain Kingsmill was married in his naval uniform, and with his good sword did his lovely little bride afterwards cut the huge bride cake, as tall as herself, which stood amid the pretty things on her festal table. Although her dear five hundred friends did not witness her marriage, they were bidden to the reception afterwards, and a lovely sunny day crowned the enjoyment of everyone. Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore received the guests, who then found the gallant sailor and his lovely young wife, standing under a huge bell of crimson roses, with a clapper of white carnations. Never more sparkling and bewitching was the happy little lady than on her wedding day, and congratulations sprang with unusual heartiness from all. Out in a huge marquee was set the bridal dejeuner, with many lovely pink roses decorating the table and the same flowers lavishly beautifying the rooms through which the gay company surged in a medley of laughter, music and frolic of delicate skirts. When Mrs. Kingsmill's health was drunk, her cheering friends demanded her personal acknowledgment, and the bride made a charming little speech, standing beside her gigantic wedding cake. "No one else could have done it so well" was the laughing comment of an old-timer as the bride sprang gracefully down from her place and went to put on her travelling dress. All in pale grey, she soon reappeared, and showered with rice and roses, cheered and blessed and laughing, Captain and Mrs. Kingsmill drove away, while the orchestra played the English national sea song, Rule Britannia. The happy couple will return to-morrow for a short visit. Mrs. Kingsmill receiving with Mrs. Beardmore on Wednesday. Captain Kingsmill's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace and a diamond and sapphire ring. Mr. Walter Beardmore gave a cheque. Mrs. Beardmore a diamond ring. Mr. Nicol Kingsmill a pearl and topaz brooch. Mr. George Beardmore a diamond ornament. Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Beardmore a beautiful pearl bracelet. Mrs. Fisk a pearl brooch. Mr. Fred Beardmore a pearl necklace with a pearl heart pendant. Mrs. Wilkes (of Galt) a pearl brooch, Mrs. Pringle, hand-painted china.

Mr. Tom Plummer, son of Mr. James Plummer, of 40 Wellesley street, sails on this day week for England, in response to orders received to report at Woolwich. Mr. Plummer has been gazetted second lieutenant in the Royal Garrison Artillery, and will leave Toronto for good next week. Needless to say, his stalwart presence will be much missed in athletic, social and club circles, where he is always an acquisition.

The Misses Darling, of Montreal, are visiting in town. Miss Winnifred Darling is home from the East. Miss Minnie Hooley, of Chicago, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Stuart Heath, at 13 Washington avenue. Mrs. Montizambert is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Walker, in the city. Mrs. Moss, of Jarvis street, has an English friend, Miss Money Penny, of London, as her guest, who will remain in Canada until after the New Year.

Mrs. J. B. Hall gave a couple of charming teas at her home, Jarvis street, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, dividing her list of friends with so much judgment as to ensure a thoroughly congenial reunion on each occasion. One of the beauties of our Canadian October which it takes a nature lover like Mrs. Hall to emphasize, is the exquisite coloring of the foliage and berries peculiar to this climate. The rooms at Mrs. Hall's tea were simply glorious with rich red, gold and green. Graceful sprays of autumn leaves, each a perfect poem of autumn, were placed where light fell full upon their radiant tints. Festoons of Mountain ash berries wreathed the overmantel, and other coigns of vantage. The tea-table was centred with transparent billowed gauze, under which vivid colored leaves gleamed with softened lustre. Many red candles, veiled with white and gold shades, trimmed with small crimson autumn leaves, lit the pretty board, which was admired audibly by even the most reticent and critical. In fact, among all the gay gatherings and more pretentious events of the coming season, this charmingly gotten up scheme of decoration and its perfect effect will be remembered with distinct pleasure. Mrs. Hall and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Carter, with a bright young friend, Miss Isabel Brown, hovering near, received in the drawing-room, and three very pretty and attentive ladies, Miss Elsie Loudon, Miss Valda Smith, and Miss Grant, of Hamilton, the former in white and the two other fair attendants in pink, looked after the tea-room. Some very cute little photos of the son of the house, Mr. Cleve Hall, now a rising citizen of Dawson, and his wee baby, provoked many a smile from ladies who knew him here. Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Hall are, like several others, doing well out in the far north, and are in love with the city of their adoption. Among the guests on Wednesday were Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, Mrs. G. Brooke, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Dignam, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Boehme, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Miss Hill, Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines, who was much admired; Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.

Mrs. Wm. Cooke has her sister, Miss Naftel, of Guernsey, on a visit with her for the winter at her home in Howard street.

Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar (nee Elliot) has taken rooms at 282 1-2 Jarvis street during her stay in town. Mrs. and the Misses Godson have returned to town and taken rooms at 226 Jarvis street. They receive on first and third Mondays. The last consignment of Boer prisoners starting for St. Helena are under the surveillance of Major William Forester.

Mr. D. C. Ross, son of the Premier of Ontario, and Mrs. Bixel, of Strathroy, were married at old St. Andrew's church quite privately on Wednesday at three o'clock. Hon. G. W. Ross and Mrs. Ross received the bride and groom and gave the dejeuner at their home in Emsley place. Mr. and Mrs. Ross are honeymooning in New York, and will reside in Strathroy.

The Rev. the Dean of Wycliffe College and Miss Sarah Gillespie, of Cannington, were married on Wednesday, the

ceremony being performed by Rev. G. A. Kuhring in All Saints' church, Cannington, the pastor, Rev. W. Major, assisting. The church was crowded with the friends of bride and groom, the latter having been formerly incumbent of All Saints', and both being deservedly popular. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Rix are spending their honeymoon in New York.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Strathy, of Simcoe street, gave a coming-out tea for her young daughter, at which many smart women said welcoming words to the debutante, and several of her girl friends who have attained the experience of a season or two were present to further brighten her debut.

The engagement of Mr. George Boomer and Miss Moore, of Kingston, is announced. Miss Moore has been on a visit to Mrs. Harley Roberts, and is now visiting her brother in Parkdale. The marriage of Mr. Boomer and Miss Moore is arranged to take place in December.

Mrs. James Mason receives next Tuesday for the first time since her return from England. Miss Norton, niece of the Bishop of Toronto, is a guest at the See House. The Bishop of Huron has been visiting his brother, Rev. A. H. Baldwin. Mrs. and Miss Gzowski have gone to Old Point Comfort for two months. Colonel Montizambert is at the Arlington. Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, of Ottawa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Patteson, in Dowling avenue, Parkdale. Professor and Mrs. Hutton are now at home at their residence in the Queen's Park.

The St. Andrew's Society give the Ball of the Century on the last day of November is the Pavilion. His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Minto have accepted invitations, and will bring a smart party. Our representatives of royalty are true society folk, and Lady Minto's gowns are always an inspiration. Her sweet little ladyship wears them adorably.

Very smart, very artistic, and most enjoyable was the recital given by Mr. Paul Hahn on Wednesday evening. Seldom has a local artist such splendid support as were present on this occasion—delightful Katherine Ruth Heyman, Harold Jarvis in fine voice, and last, but not least, our own Miss Violet Gooderham, looking queenly in pale blue satin point lace and diamonds. A very smart audience filled the Association Hall.

The concert in aid of the Orthopedic Hospital on Monday will have a greatly added interest since beautiful Miss Ethel Matthews, just home from Paris, has consented to sing. The cause is, besides, a most worthy one.

Golf matches engage the attention of many enthusiasts this fine October weather, and girls and modish dames may be seen travelling in company with the unwieldy but beloved canvas bag filled with clubs of various patterns, and known by names which are to the Greeks foolishness. None of these golfers have achieved the weather-beaten aspect of the Old Country players, some of whom rival in complexion the old salts and fisherfolk of the East Coast. A champion English coifer of the female persuasion would hardly ever justify the adjective "fair," which appears to be the usual one applied hereabouts; "leathery" aptly describes a champion Scot in short skirts whose complexion attests her devotion in the land of Burns.

The annual meetings of the various "Homes," which take place generally at the end of their financial year, dated by the Government returns on September 30th, are in full swing this month. On Thursday the Infants' Home in St. Mary street held their annual meeting, always a smartly attended one, for their Board is large and influential. On Friday (yesterday) the Girls' Home in Gerrard street east was the scene of the annual gathering, with a pretty tea to follow. The tea at the Infants' Home is always beautifully managed also, and much interest is usually awakened in the welfare of the Homes after such pleasant reunions. Hillcrest Convalescent proved itself independent of climatic conditions on Monday, when many ladies braved the rain and a long journey into the suburbs to attend the annual meeting at the Home on Wells' Hill. Among the interested visitors who attended the business meeting, and also enjoyed the dainty and pretty tea which followed, were the president, Mrs. Alexander Gibson, and the ladies of the Board: Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mrs. Wrong, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Miss Atkins, Mrs. and Miss Vandermissen, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. and Miss Brough, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. McCollum, Mrs. Robert Baldwin, Mrs. Hoskin, Miss Carmichael, Miss Graham, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Strathy, Miss Torrance, Miss Greir, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, and Dr. Harold Parsons, Mr. Ward, Mr. Alex. Crooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and their family, who spent the summer at the Island, have not returned to Buffalo, but, much to the pleasure of all their friends, have settled at 89 Glen road, Rosedale. Mrs. and the Misses Jarvis received for the first time last Monday. A notice of their new address came to hand too late for insertion last week. They will be at Home on Mondays during the winter, that being the day sacred to "picturesque Toronto."

Those who saw Miss Kerr's colored photographs at the Publishers' Syndicate shop in King street had a treat. The pictures were removed on Tuesday, and several who went in on Wednesday to see them were disappointed accordingly.

Mrs. H. L. Thompson welcomed many of her friends on Tuesday afternoon, between the hours of four and six, at her pretty home in Linden street. Mrs. Thompson was assisted in the drawing-room by her charming sister, Miss Edith Harcourt. The tea-room was ably presided over by Miss Thompson, and Mrs. Alex. Rodgers, assisted by Miss Edith Thompson, Miss Edna Browne, and Miss Margaret Nasmith, all three in blue and white. The tea-table was prettily decorated in pink and white, the same colors being carried out in the dainties.



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### Social and Personal.

**M**RS. G. W. ROSS and Miss Ross will not receive until the second Friday in November, as Mrs. Ross will be out of town until that date.

The first meeting of the Woman's Musical Club will be held in the Blue room, Temple Building, at eleven o'clock on the morning of November 1st, next Thursday, when a full attendance of the members is requested. Mrs. Richardson and Miss Katharine Birnie are arranging the programme for the season's meetings, which will be held each Thursday morning.

Mrs. Arthur Ross and Mr. Hugo Ross are settled at 33 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Ross is at home on Tuesdays. Mr. Arthur Ross came down this week to Toronto for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson of Howden Holmes are expected home immediately. Mr. Tomlinson, who has been an invalid since Easter, is much better and has recently taken very successful treatment in Detroit and elsewhere, which will be good news to his many friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Herbert B. Kent will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her home, 195 Avenue road, on Thursday and Friday, November 1 and 2.

On next Saturday, and for a fortnight after, Miss Justina Harrison and her pupils give an exhibition of Dresden china painting in Matthews' Art Gallery, 95 Yonge street. Miss L. Beresford Tully and her pupils give at the same time and place an exhibition of embossed leather and carvings. The private view is on Saturday next at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Irving Cameron gave a reception yesterday afternoon at half-past four at her residence, 307 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Melvin Jones and Miss Melvin Jones returned to Toronto last Friday after nearly six months spent on the Continent and in England. Both ladies are looking exceedingly well, and everyone is glad to welcome them back.

The opening festivity of the season took place last evening, when the Victoria Club Ball was the engagement par excellence for the evening.

Mrs. Kern, of Mexico City, who has been on a visit to relatives in Canada, was this week the guest of Mrs. Charles McLeod of Jarvis street. Mrs. Kern has changed very little since she left Canada, and reminding her friends vividly of her days of belle-d'epoque in Montreal, when as Miss Minnie Koachle she was "fascinating princeps" among the bright young set.

Professor and Mrs. Ballantyne have removed from Walmer road to 262 St. George street. Mrs. Beatty and her daughter, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, are in New York. The Baroness von Ketteler has returned to Detroit, and is with her father, Mr. Ledyard. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ledyard escorted her home from China, where her husband was so tragically murdered while acting as German Ambassador.

Miss Lillian Lee, daughter of the late John M. Lee, of Beverley street, and Mr. George Gooch, youngest son of Mr. R. N. Gooch, have announced their betrothal.

On Saturday evening Professor Mavor entertained at dinner. The guests included the Premier of Ontario, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. Justice Moss, President Loudon, Chancellor Burwash, Professor Goldwin Smith, Professors Lang, Hutton, Ramsay Wright, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, and Mr. J. C. Kemp.

On Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May, 217 Niagara street, the marriage was celebrated of their only daughter, Miss Alice May, and Mr. A. W. Barrett, a prominent Bostonian, brother of Congressman W. E. Barrett. Rev. Alexander Williams performed the ceremony, in the presence of relatives and immediate friends. The bride looked exceedingly handsome in a robe of rich white silk, en train, trimmed with Brussels lace, with veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. She was given away by her father, and Mr. Harry Stafford May, her brother, was best man. Owing to the severe illness of Miss O. McArthur, who was to have been Miss May's bridesmaid, she was unable to fulfil that pretty duty, and the bride kindly dispensed with any attendant, rather than substitute another for her chosen friend. The house was artistically decorated, pink roses and palms being in profusion everywhere. A gift was made of all the flowers to the Western Hospital after the wedding. After the dejeuner the young couple left on their honeymoon to Bermuda, for which they sailed on Wednesday. They will return here to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. May. The groom's gifts to the bride were a pearl and diamond necklace, a diamond and emerald bracelet and a diamond and emerald pin. This very happy marriage is the finale of the delightful tour abroad of several months, in which the groom was one of the bride's parents' party, during last spring and summer.

Mrs. Walter Barwick is giving a dance on November 9th in honor of the coming out of her eldest daughter, Miss Annette Barwick. The event is to take place in McConkey's pretty ball-room and will open it most auspiciously this season.

Mrs. Frederick Fenton will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday, November 5 and 6, at her home, 61 Charles street.

"Walking canes for ladies seem to

be getting highly popular in Toronto. The custom is one which has been adopted by English ladies for some years. A neat little bamboo gives quite a finish to a walking costume," writes a correspondent. This fashion was set by the Princess of Wales years ago in England, and followed with enthusiasm. It is a revival which may be acceptable here, especially in the tailor gown season.

The cable, which has brought us so many sad words this year, flashed from the Dark Continent to Canada the news of the untimely and much-deplored death of one of the handsomest group of young officers to whom we said good-bye that snowy evening last February. The news of Captain C. A. Pearce's death was not the shock which some other such tidings have been, for his condition has been



CAPT. PEARCE.

precious since his accident, and the tidings of his illness have become graver each week. Young, brave, winning and loyal, his death is more than usually pathetic and regretted. He served in the Yukon for a short period, returned to Stanley Barracks and left for South Africa in February.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Flanders left last month for Long Island, New York, where they will spend the fall and early winter, returning to Toronto some time in January.

Whatever may be his eclipse in the life to come, Hymen is waving his torch gallantly below. Weddings, brides and gifts are jostling each other. The newest thing out in regard to the latter is the publication by the Publishers' Syndicate of the "Wedding Day in Literature," a perfectly lovely thing in deep blue binding, with a medallion of white enamel and gold lettering wreathed about with orange flowers. In this timely book is, first of all, the wedding of David Copperfield, then the marriage of Bella Wilfer, told in Dickens' own dear, human way. There are weddings in prose and in verse, and beautiful illustrations of real, fancied and mythological marriages. No wonder that one's first thought is to buy the charming book for one's very best bride or bridegroom-elect friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown have removed from 7 Homewood avenue to 238 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Brown will be at home to her friends on the first and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy has taken Miss Green's house, No. 229 College street, for the winter. Mrs. McCarthy will be at home to her friends on Tuesday, November 20.

The engagement is announced of Mr. R. G. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maude Hillary, eldest daughter of the late Dr. J. J. Hillary, D.M.O., of Annapolis Bay, Jamaica, and formerly of Uxbridge, Ont.

Mrs. R. S. Wilson will receive on the first Thursday and Friday in every month at her new home, 295 Bloor street west.

A pleasing ceremony took place at Vars, Ont., on Wednesday, October 17, when Mr. W. J. Graydon, of Streetsville, and Miss Annie Shaw, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw, of Vars, were married. Rev. A. W. E. Butler, rector of St. Peter's church, South Mountain, brother-in-law of the bride, was the officiating minister. Mr. J. Wilson Cunningham, of Toronto, was best man, and Miss Helen Ross, of Ottawa, was bridesmaid. The music for the occasion was excellently rendered by Mr. I. H. Woodlawn, organist, of Ottawa. The bride was given away by her father. At the wedding breakfast many and sincere expressions of loving esteem were conveyed to the bride, whose amiable and truly womanly disposition has endeared her to all who knew her in the eastern community. The newly married couple, on their return from a wedding trip to Montreal and Boston, will reside in Streetsville, where the groom is well known as a prominent banker and popular citizen. Among the many friends and relatives at the wedding were, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baker, and Miss Lottie Graydon, of Toronto.

A very pretty house wedding took



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place on Tuesday, October 23rd, at two o'clock, at 49 Howland avenue, the residence of Mr. J. W. Williamson, brother-in-law of the bride, when Miss Susan Helen Holmes, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Holmes, of St. Catharines, became the wife of Mr. Chas. Rose Mellen, of Geneva, N.Y. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. J. W. Rae, of Toronto Junction, assisted by Rev. A. H. Mellen, of Geneva, N.Y., brother of the groom. The bride wore a very handsome brown cloth travelling gown, and toque to match. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present. The happy couple will make their home in Geneva, N.Y., where for the past year the bride has been superintendent of the Geneva City Hospital.

Mrs. James Johnston Ashworth will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her home, 21 Admiral road, on next Thursday and Friday, November 1 and 2, and will afterwards receive on the first and second Fridays in the month.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday evening, October 24, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George McWilliam, when their daughter, Miss Isabelle McWilliam, was married to Mr. Howard Ayre of Toronto, Rev. Scott Howard, of St. Matthew's, officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sisters, Miss Lillie and Miss Birdie McWilliam, as bridesmaid and maid of honor, respectively, and Mr. George Ayre, brother of the groom, was best man. The bride wore white silk organdie over white silk and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid looked charming in pink silk organdie, with yoke of duchesse lace, and carried pink roses, and the maid of honor wore a dainty little dress of white silk. The groom's gift to the bride was a sunburst of pearls, to the bridesmaid a crescent of pearls, and to the maid of honor a ring. After the bridal party received the good wishes of those present all partook of a charming dejeuner, served at quartette tables, decorated with pink roses, and very prettily set. The young couple were the recipients of many lovely presents. They will spend their honeymoon in New York and other eastern cities, and on their return will take up their residence at 103 Morse street. The bride went away in a smart tailor-made gown of brown cloth, and wore a toque of brown panne velvet and mink.

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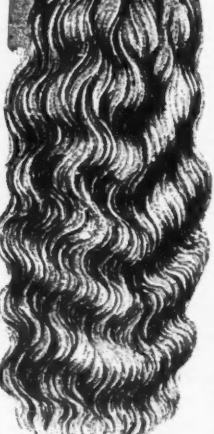
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# THE WHITE ANT

A Tale of Early Days in Australia.

By W. R. Gilbert.

I.—At "No. 2 Tank."

"GIVE us that han'kercher, Joe. It's a real beauty." The speaker was a tall, stout woman, with a mass of untidy yellow hair hanging down her back, a pale, emotionless face, white-lashed, cold blue eyes. She was standing at the door of a tent, and a little girl of about six played at her feet.

Joe, or "Bandy Martin," so called from the shape of his legs, was a squat, broad-shouldered roustabout, with a bovine face, stupid and stolid in expression, but nothing worse. Around his bull neck was loosely knotted a gaudy silk handkerchief, blue, red and yellow, and this the woman kept her covetous eye on. Evidently these two were old acquaintances.

"Gar'n," said Joe, eluding the grab she presently made at the kerchief. "Get some of your other blokes to shout one, why don't you?"

"Where should I get an older one than you?" replied the woman. "How about the times out at Corondara, eh?"

"Ay," he retorted, "I remember when you run me an' Ringer Brown to shove a fire stick in the sheel, an' then done yer level best to lay the pair on us on the other side. Little game are you up to, comin' in here I reckon."

"Wait till you're asked, Bandy," said she, contemptuously, an ugly light coming into the blue eyes. "You might have enough to do presently to mind your own business. Clear out, now, an' don't keep hangin' about married women's camps the way you does. It don't look well."

"That reminds me," said the man, as with a derisive stare and a hoarse chuckle, he adjusted the flaming kerchief by pulling it between his scarred and knobby fingers. "Sam Duffy come in this afternoon. He's camped over at No. 2 Tank. He's brought a drop of the real stingo with him, an' I'm goin' down to-night. You'd oughter come, too. It don't seem nat'ral for man an' wife to be campin' separat. I reckons he's come for little Ally there. Sez you're a corruptin' of her morals, an' ain't fit to keep her now she's gettin' sensible. So long, ma'am. There's the bell a-rin' for work. No, you don't git this ankercher." And with a nod Joe took his departure towards the big shed, half hidden by clumps of brigalow. "I wouldn't be in Sam Duffy's shoes if he tries to collar the kiddy, no, not if they was sold with diamonds!" muttered Joe to himself, as he commenced his daily business of picking pieces. "She's a bad 'un, she is."

Sarah Duffy, otherwise the "White Ant," was one of these abnormal productions, masculine in manners, unsexed almost by years of wild wandering, to be found at times on the borders of civilization. Immensely strong, she could carry a bag of flour under one arm; and as many had cause to know—a hit from her was, as they put it, "like the kick of a horse." Amongst the nomads of the black blocks she was disliked and feared; and it was almost a superstition that if the "White Ant" took a down-up on a man, misfortune would befall him. Worse than all, she was suspected of often being the cause of that mysterious "information received," that now and then enabled the police to lay by the heels some more than usually daring cattle-duffer, or horse-stealer, who had found a refuge in the Alsatias along the border.

Sam Duffy, her alleged husband, and the father of the little girl Ally—the solitary being for whom the woman showed any affection—was one of the few steady workers, and depended for a living by legitimate labor on the stations then being formed on the edge of the wilderness. But the pair had never agreed, and just before the birth of the child, having detected—so the rumor ran—his wife in the act of favoring his tea with arsenic, Duffy left her.

Ally was now a bright, pretty little thing of six, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and showing nothing of the cold, malicious nature of the mother. The pair travelled in an old, tilted cart, drawn by two horses. And at the far apart stations, where the very sight of a white woman in those days was a novelty, the Ant generally found plenty of work, if she cared to accept it, in the way of "bossing" the gins, who at that time, as on many places still, formed the squatters' household staff. Through these years Duffy and she had met often in the course of their travels. On the last occasion, coming into the station kitchen, she had found him with Ally on his knee, smoothing back her long curls with his great roughened hand, whilst the little one, with her arms around his neck, prattled away gaily. The sight seemed to madden the Ant, and, seizing a yam-stick, she furiously attacked and drove her husband outside, hurling at him such a torrent of border vituperation that even the natives stood aghast. Without a word Duffy had mounted his horse and ridden away. Nor had they met since. And now he was about to take his revenge. He had come for the child.

Her white face, that no sun could tan, set like marble as she gazed at Bandy's retreating form, and again the cruel look came into her eyes, as she muttered to herself, "I've got a bone to pick with you, too! You're one of them that's been gettin' too saucy o' late. If I could only settle you and Duffy together! Over at the No. 2 Tank," he said. Then going into the tent, she caught up the child, and kissed and hugged her passionately.

ly, exclaiming, "Take you away from mother, would they? No, that they never shall, my darling! I will kill them both first."

In the morning, rising gently, so as not to awaken the child, she put on a cloak and a pair of Blucher boots, and went out into the bush, taking her course as one who knew every inch of the ground. Past the rude wool shed, whose cane grass roof and lagoon sides were lit by a falling moon, she steadily held her way towards the 50,000 yard tank known as "No. 2." As she moved along she suddenly came full on the outstretched body of a man, lying in the moonbeams, his mouth open and snoring stertorously, whilst a strong smell of rum tainted the pure night air. Bending down she saw it was Joe Martin. About to proceed, her eye caught a splash of color in the pale light. It was the silk kerchief, and, stooping, she took it off and tied it round her own neck. Then she went on. All at once, as if struck with some new idea, she stopped, and retracing her steps, she knelt down, and turning "Bandy" over as if he had been a log, she drew a long, sharp butcher's knife out of the sheath at his back.

Walking swiftly, she soon came in sight of the sheet of water, lying like a silver mirror under the moon. On the further side was a good-sized tent; from the scrub came the sound of horse-bells. It was Duffy's camp. As she approached she noticed with surprise that there was a light in the tent. She stepped noiselessly through the open door, so noiselessly that the man lying on a stretcher, dozing, with a pipe in his mouth, never noticed its form standing and staring at him. On a rough table guttered a candle; close to the candle stood a bottle; on the floor lay another one empty.

Presently the man yawned, let his pipe drop, and, with a start, sat up. A bearded, sun-burnt face, with a pair of brown eyes, now staring in a dazed kind of way at the strange figure.

"Don't you see me, Sam Duffy?" asked the visitor.

"I think I know you," replied he, slowly, an with an instinctive shrinking. "If I ain't mistook it's the woman—the White Ant, as they calls her—that I always cusses the fust day as I saw her."

"Is it true," she said, speaking with passion-labored breath, "that you've come to take my Ally away?"

"It is true," he said. "I meant to have come over to-night an' told yer; only Joe Martin come down an' we got yarnin' over a bottle or two as I continued. 'An' I don't want to have no rows over the matter. But you ain't the sort as'll bring her up on the square. That's certain. Old King—his Police Magistrate at Beleraga—says, when I asked him, 'Cert'nly,' he says, 'Go an' git her, the sooner the better. The mother,' says he, 'is as bad as they make 'em; an' she'll have the child in the black's camp if you don't look out.' An' I'm goin' to take his advice, an' bring up the kiddy as best I can. I've got a 12 months' job with. So you get her, her bits o' traps ready, in the mornin', d'ye hear?"

"If you don't want trouble, never you come nigh us no more. Now you'd best clear!"

But, instead, the woman came a step closer, and one hand went to her breast, and clutched the stolen knife.

"An' you've made up your mind then, Sam?" she said, speaking very gently. "You're goin' to take my little Ally away—the only thing I care for in all o' this world, an' besides, what's none o' your business."

The man laughed as he replied. "You're a liar, Sam, an' you knows it! D'ye want to bring up the child as big a devil as its mother? I tell you, for once and all, that I'm startin' in the mornin' with her. Why don't you clear out?"

One quick step forward, one strong, determined thrust point blank at the bare breast, was the sole answer.

With a horrible flapping motion of the hands, overturning bottle and candle, the struck woman, without a groan, fell backwards upon the stretcher. The setting moon now shone straight in through the open door, rendering the tent as light as day; and the White Ant, leaning forward, calmly watched the last great change as it passed over the now shrunken and falling features, paling the tan to a sickly yellow.

The wide open, staring eyes, over which the death film began to gather, seemed to be fixed on hers, but she never blinked, only watched, her gaze travelling now and then to the broad breast, from which stood erect the wooden handle of the embedded blade, whilst from each side slowly trickled a thin red trail of blood. No emotion but that of curiosity expressed itself in her face, as, drawing in her skirts, she leant over in an attempt to catch a broken word that presently escaped her victim. There was a long, sighing shudder, the stretcher shook violently, and, with a deep breath of relief, that was almost a sob in its intensity, she realized that her work was finished.

Then, as in pursuance of a set plan, she took the kerchief from her neck, and tore it half across, and threw it upon the sandy floor, which she tramped and scraped up with her heavy boots, unfastening also one wall of the tent and tearing it, giving the place somewhat the appearance of having been the scene of a desperate struggle. Then, walking out into the moonlight, she carefully scrutinizing her hands and dress, without a backward glance she walked steadily away.

As she passed Joe Martin, still lying as she had left him, log-like and drenched with dew, she paused and seemed to consider. Then, shaking her head, she smiled and went on to her tent. The moon dropped behind the scrub-rimmed horizon as she crept into her bed and drew the child into

her arms and smothered it in soft caresses. It awoke and murmured, "Mammy's cold!"

"There's another colder than mammy to-night, my pet," answered the mother, grimly, as she pressed the child still closer to her breast.

II.—"Touch and Go."

"Some beggar's gone an' shook that new ankercher an' my knife," growled Joe Martin the next morning to the mate of the wool tables, "or else I left 'em down at Duffy's camp. I drank too much o' his chainlightnin' last night; an' I've got a 'ed on me this mornin' as big as a bloomin' grindstone!"

Meanwhile an old gin going to the tank to get a bucketful of "copal," with which to whitewash the barracks' fireplace, peeped into the tent, and there saw something that made her fly back to the shed, with short, sharp, curlew-like screamings. And very shortly afterwards men were telling each other that Sam Duffy, "pazged out," stuck through the heart by Bandy Martin. Work came to a sudden standstill; and there was, for an hour or two, a certain amount of excitement amongst shearers and roustabouts, dozens of whom recognized both the weapon and the kerchief.

Evidently a drunken row—blows; and on the part of the weaker, the appeal to the knife. Not by any means an uncommon incident in these far back blocks and days, amid that lawless community.

It would have excited little comment or curiosity. But the occurrence, involving, as it did, two of the quietest men in the district, men who were not "wanted," who had never "done time," and who were not ashamed or frightened to show their faces "inside"—representatives, as it were, of decency, law and order—made matters very interesting indeed. And rogues and vagabonds, after inspection of the scene and a long yarn and a smoke, swaggered back to the shed feeling in a manner viciously bettered as to reputation by poor Duffy's death. Joe Martin never dreamt of repudiating the ownership of his property. But he insisted that he parted from the murdered man on the best of terms, and that he never missed the articles till the following morning. His audience was not convinced. The fact of his leaving such damning evidence behind him was put down to "the drink," and the general theory was that he had committed the deed and then completely forgotten it, making him a personal instance of the utter oblivion produced by bad rum being adduced in support of this argument.

Indeed, Joe was too much astonished and bewildered to be able to say much in his defence. So, after a wash and a clean change, he submitted without much protest to be chained to a big post in the wool-shed, there to await the arrival of the Bordertown police—a matter of a full week.

For a time he endeavored to think the thing out. But his poor brain, never very bright, seemed completely added, and after a while, with a groan at the unaccustomed labor, he gave the riddle up, and lay on his sheepskins, and smoked and slept by turns.

Although looked upon coldly by his fellows, not on account of the crime he was supposed to have committed, but for being the cause of a most abhorrent police visitation, still, doubtless, he might have escaped over and over again had he liked. The manager and a couple of his white aides could never have always on the watch, with a groan at the unaccustomed labor, he gave the riddle up, and lay on his sheepskins, and smoked and slept by turns. He was waiting patiently for someone to come and explain things. Duffy was buried on the second day, and the White Ant attended the funeral, regarded askance by even the wildest of the wild border crowd who had emerged from their fastnesses for the sake of companionship, information, the meeting of new allies and scheming of fresh raids. At last the police—three or four troopers—arrived, and there was a great deal of talk about the shed was deserted, and shearers lay on the mulka scrub, or went prospecting in the stony ridges round about. The manager swore at the delay; and the sergeant, hurriedly appreciating the situation, hurried matters in a way he was sorry for afterwards; and his task was considerably smoothed by the White Ant, who volunteered a statement, promising to repeat it when called upon at Bordertown. The sergeant knew her and looked a little dubious; still her evidence was important, and he could discover no other witnesses, and the circumstantial evidence was so strong (he considered) as scarcely to require any. So he departed with his prisoner, and the men came in, and cracked jokes respecting the probable fall that the hangman would allow "Bandy."

The "cross" party were in high glee at the misfortunes which had overtaken the "square" minority.

It was three months until sessions; then a flood put them back another month, and all this time Martin spent in the local lock-up. But at last the day arrived, and the judge, with the Crown prosecutor, arrived. The local lawyer, who had intervals of sobriety, defended Joe. Joe's astonishment was great when he found that the chief and only witness against him was the White Ant, arrived the previous evening.

His astonishment was greater as he heard her in cool and steady tones proceed to swear his life away, detailing how, on the night in question, after threatening herself, the prisoner to whose camp he was then on his way, she believed that there had been bad blood between the men for years—over, in fact, since her marriage with Duffy. To this effect, and much more, she swore. And Joe Martin listened, feeling the halter tighten round his neck.

Then a light seemed to flash across his dull brain, and he shouted: "It's all lies, yer honor's lordship. She's stus down on me. It was her run me an' the Ringer on to set a light to Corondara shed last shearin'. She's the worst villain 'tween here and the telegraph! I sees it all now! It was her as shook the knife an' the ankercher (we'd a row that same day over it), an' then she goes an' sticks poor Sam. An' now she wants to shove it off on to me. She's a devil!"

They stopped him. But, aroused now to a full consciousness of what was taking place, he became in a manner transformed, and glared around the court with such a threatening eye that a couple of troopers quietly took up their stations alongside of him.

The judge was in a bad temper. A thorough wetting in the coach had brought on touches of rheumatism. Also the Bordertown whiskey was raw, acid and harsh—probably made from bad potatoes—and "bit all the way down," to suit the border tastes. And despite the efforts of local counsel, who succeeded in proving that the White Ant was anything but the immaculate wife and mother she posed as, it would probably have gone hard with Joe had not another witness appeared.

Edward Nutting, alias "Boko Ned," sworn, deposed that he was a stockman on Matilda Downs, the adjoining station to Wantaboolia.

On the night in question, at about 12 o'clock, he watered his horse at No. 2 Tank. Seeing a light in a tent, he called Duffy was there. Had known Duffy for years. Had also seen accused, but never spoke to him. Had two or three nips with Duffy. The latter told him that Martin (the prisoner) had been gone an hour, after drinking the best part of a bottle of rum. Also that he was "full as a tick," and that he (Duffy) doubted whether "Bandy" 'd be able to get back to the shed, but that it was a fine night and he could "bange" out on the road. Duffy told him, too, that he'd come to take his child away from his missus, and he fully expected there'd be "a h—l of a row" over the matter. Was in the tent half an hour, and saw no signs of a knife or kerchief like those produced. Did not come forward because he'd been out after straggling cattle, and had heard nothing till this very morning. An' this was the truth he was tellin'. "So 'elp 'im Gawd." If it wasn't, might he be struck bloomin' blind nex' time he opened his mouth!

Cross-examination failed to weaken "Boko's" evidence in the slightest degree. If, as he swore, he had been with Duffy, alive and well, long after Martin left, very drunk—incapable, in fact—how could Martin, unless, indeed, he had returned during the night, a very improbable thing, have committed the deed?

Then the judge summed up facetiously, and with many caustic allusions to the police and their witness, but decidedly in favor of the prisoner. He said "not guilty," as Joe's eyes, blazing with the newly-awakened thirst for vengeance, sought those of the White Ant, whilst, in imagination, his fingers gripped and choked the wicked lie out of her. He was escorted back to his cell on the self-confessed charge of incendiarism.

As he and his guards passed the Ant, Joe made a tremendous effort to get at her; but the crowd was too thick, and in a minute he was captured and ironed.

"You've made an awful mess of the case, Donohoe," said the Crown prosecutor to the sergeant, after the adjournment. "Never take anything for granted in future. You made up your mind from the very jump that Martin killed Duffy. Now, you were quite wrong and I'll wager you that you still believe it to be the fact. Now, in confidence, I may tell you you've been bad, beautifully bad, by that enterprising Mrs. D. She it was who headed up the whole affair, and very cleverly she's managed, very cleverly indeed. And I'll lay you a wager of 6 to 4, in anything you like, that Martin, after he has done his three years, will come out and kill the woman. Are you on?"

But the crestfallen sergeant was not in a betting humor, which was a pity, as he would have won. All he said to the sporting lawyer was, "I hope the Lord be doin'!"

III.—At the Mouth of the Pit.

It was springtime, and the bowerbird's crest grew broader and brighter

in its hue of delicate pink; the ripe quandangs glowed like red-hot coals amidst masses of grey greenery; young emus, quaintly striped in fluffy brown and dirty white, ran piping after stately parents; native companions danced more gaily to the bellowing of the big frogs, from dreary swamps of lignum, and Nature faintly stirred in that emotionless land as springtime called. At last formed Burandina, from time to time, cattle had been reported as missing from the herd. And though raiders, black and white, got the blame, no suspicious tracks were to be found. It was a mystery. Nor was it solved until one day a stockman, making his way through a thick clump of needle-bush and gidgee, found himself at the foot of a lofty mound that looked like a gigantic ant-hill with the top cut off.

Looking round he saw the fresh tracks of a beast, and, tying his horse up, he scrambled to the summit, just in time to see a fine bullock disappear as if drawn down by some invisible power into what seemed a cauldron of simmering mud, some forty feet in diameter.

Familiar enough now, these phenomena were at this time new and strange to the early settler, and were regarded by many not merely as a danger to stock, but with an almost superstitious horror. This one at Burandina was an exceptionally large "mud spring," and without delay the manager sent Joe Martin out from the head station to fence round the deadly trap.

Joe had come through his ordeal a changed man. During the first year he had nursed his thirst for vengeance against the White Ant, and dreamed and thought of nothing else.

But the fire was too fierce to keep burning long in such a nature as Joe's; and as it gradually died down, the jail chaplain set to work on the cleared ground, finding it abundantly fertile and receptive. So Joe not only forswore all ideas of vengeance on his enemy, but grew to be thoroughly convinced that he was a child of sin and doomed to eternal destruction unless he amended his ways.

"Holy Joe," as he came to be called, was no longer a very first-class bushman. And, in spite of all the teachings and preachings, which were at first deemed a nuisance on the stations, people began at last to fancy that when "Holy Joe" was on the ground there was less of the usual terrible quarrelling and bad language in the hut.

Never was Joe better pleased than on an occasion like the present, when for a season, withdrawn from all human society, he found himself alone with his wife and child. His thoughts and his work. His tent was pitched on the edge of the scrub, within sight of the great grey mound, rising like a miniature volcano, with its crown just visible over the tops of the low bushes. And the thing appeared presently to exercise a kind of fascination over him.

On moonlight nights, especially would he climb to its rim, and, sitting there, watch for hours the darkly-shining surface, now rippling in treacherous, silvery smiles, spreading in dimpling circles, as when a stone is cast into some deep mountain tarn; anon quiescent, then breaking out suddenly into soft bubblings and fat, oozy gurglings, with little "plops," as of bursting bubbles. A horrible thing! as Joe thought, and called it, and he might well be forgiven for arriving at the conclusion that this must be the mouth of the bottomless pit. One night, descending from his usual vigil, and sitting on the edge of his bunk, reading his Bible, Joe heard a voice at the door of his tent.

Trawling open the flaps, he saw standing before him, with a bill in her hand, a dark, solemn-faced girl of 10 or 11. She was in rags; she was barefooted, and her voice sounded faint and hollow as she asked for water. Her mother was coming behind, she said, but slowly, because she was very weak. They had been bush-ed without food or water for two days.

In a minute Joe was out blowing the embers of his fire together. Then pouring out half a billy of cold tea, he told her to go back and meet her mother, whilst he got some food ready.

In a few minutes there emerged from the scrub a tall figure, bending under the weight of a heavy "swag." The figure made for the fire, flung down its burden, and stood upright, facing Joe in the pale moonlight. Gaunt and haggard, hollow-eyed and pale of feature though she was, Joe recognized the White Ant, and by the flash which passed across her face as their eyes met, he saw that the recognition was mutual. For a moment

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only he hesitated, then, holding out his hand, he said, "Welcome in God's name, Sarah Duffy. Sit down and eat and drink. You must be nigh perished."

She did not take the outstretched hand, nor did she utter a word, but, sitting down beside the child, (who had already commenced on the meat and damper), began to eat. Then Joe, whose quick eye had noticed a tent rolled around the "swag," undid it, and pitched it not far off. He built a fire, and taking over some rations, put them in the tent. The girl came and shook hands and thanked him, but the mother went away silent, and Joe played fervently, feeling the need of making himself very strong in order to subdue the remains of the old Adam that (all unsuspected) he now discovered lurked in him.

For days the two stayed on. The woman spoke only in monosyllables; but from the child Joe learned much of their story—how, after a time, they could get nothing to do; hooted out of townships, hunted from stations, refused fellowship even with the blacks—all the dreary stages of semi-starvation and misery, and wild, aimless wanderings. And Joe said to himself, "It is the hand of the Lord that hath done this! 'Vengeance is mine,' saith He, 'I will repay.'"

Hours would little Ally sit by him as he worked. But the mother never came near him. And longing intensely as he did to hurry on the glorious opportunity and save a lost and erring soul, he resolved to bide his time. Of nights Ally would come into his tent and listen to him reading out of the Bible. She was quicker to understand than Joe, and sometimes asked questions that sorely puzzled him. One night, as he read, he caught sight of a white face at the door; and so for many nights, coming no further.

But she, too, found out the Thing, and would sit on the opposite side of the pool, watching whilst Joe prayed aloud for the souls of sinners, and they might escape the Bottomless Pit—that Hell, whose mouth even yawned before them. And this went on until the heavy four-rail split fence was nearly finished. Then, one midnight, she came round and sat beside him, on the edge of the cauldron. Without preamble she said, "I'm agoin' to tell you," and she told minutely of that night at "No. 2 Tank." Then she asked, pointing, "Is that the Hell, or road to the Hell, as you've been prayin' and preachin' about this long time?"

"I believe it is," said Joe.

"An'!" she continued, "there's fire and brimstone down there, an' devils as'll everlastin' burn an' torment all sinners?"

"Most certain," answered Joe, getting into full swing, "if they don't repent an' turn theise's from their wicked ways, an' hold fast on to the Blood of the Lamb." The woman listened attentively to Joe as he, his heart warming with hopes of a great sinner saved, exhorted, persuaded and threatened, till he grew hoarse.

And she listened, staring at the Thing, quiescent the whole time, as if listening, too.

And as he finished, she, without a word, glided away to her tent; and Joe went to his and prayed for her until the cool spring dawn broke. As he was boiling the breakfast billy, the child came over, asking for her mother. For a long time Joe searched unsuccessfully. At last a thought struck him, and, climbing the mound, he found a heap of old clothes on the brink. And the Thing was heaving and spluttering, and casting up dabs of warm blue mud in a very ecstasy of joy.

In the far Western wilderness, in the midst of leagues of barren redness, hot and dusty, and of desolate grey scrub, is an oasis. There, day and night, year in, year out, a silvery column of water shoots ever up, and falls back again on the thirsty land, with the rhythmical pulsing of some great engine. In a little cottage, sheltered by the masses of fruit and foliage, his especial care, live a very old man, and a pleasant-faced woman, who cares for him tenderly and calls him father. But her father's grave is far away towards the Indian Ocean at times ruffles the smooth surface of "No. 2 Tank." And every night the old man prays long and earnestly for a soul in the "Black and Bottomless Pit."

She (before entering train)—Just one more kiss, darling. Conductor—Don't make it too long. Train starts in ten minutes.—"Kladderadatsch."

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Cleans the scalp, prevents the hair from falling out, and gives it that gloss and lustre that is an indication of healthy hair. There may be cases that it will not cure—we have never seen one—but if you try it and it fails to cure yours, it will do no harm, and you shall have your money back for the asking. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, at all druggists, or by mail. Accept no substitutes.

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"Ab, Elele, if I only knew what you loved."  
"Oh, I love all that is noble, good and beautiful!"  
"Magnificent—then I may hope."—*"Fliegende Blätter."*

### Curious Bits of News.

More than 2,000 people earn a living in London by fortune-telling, their total yearly earnings being estimated at \$150,000.

Three women, the wives of famous husbands, have been accorded the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey. They are Lady Palmerston, Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of Dean Stanley, and Mrs. Gladstone.

The German Emperor has expressed a desire to furnish three sea pieces, painted by himself, for the decoration of the Queen's new yacht. His own yacht, the "Hohenzollern," is adorned by a series executed by his hand.

An intrepid lady is Mme. von Isaacscu, who made a lucky attempt to swim the English Channel on September 5. She has, however, found to her cost that something more than courage is demanded of the swimmer who hopes to cross from Calais to Dover without artificial aid. For ten hours Mme. Isaacscu remained in the water, and covered twenty miles, or more than the distance that separates England from France.

General Andre, the French Minister of War, has introduced a reform in the French army by abolishing the obligatory dowry of twenty thousand francs for officers' brides. The system was originated in 1843, when the French officer seeking a wife was at a disadvantage compared with the civilian, as parents would not give dowried daughters to men who were likely at any moment to leave them widows, while changing regiments gave to officers a pillar-to-post existence, particularly repugnant to the French nature. Now that long peace has made the people forget the war bogey and men sometimes remain for a lifetime at one garrison, officers are at a premium in the marriage market. For these reasons it was thought needless to place difficulties in the way of the bridegroom who was not seeking a dot, but officers desiring to marry must still forward to their commander and the Minister of War an explanation of the morality of the future wife and the suitability of the proposed union.

### Books and Their Makers.

In spite of the notion, diligently fostered by the women's clubs, that the new woman loves nothing so much as her sister woman, there is a touch of the old Eve in an incident related by Helen Winship, the heroine of Harriet Stark's romance, *The Bacillus of Beauty*.

"The girls at my stall were sulky because no one bought of them," says Miss Winship, describing a flower tea. "And one, in lifting a handful of roses, drew them towards her with a spiteful jerk that left a long thorn-scratch across my hand."

"I pretended not to notice. Then in a minute I cried:

"Why see; how could that have happened?"

"And I laid my perfect hand beside hers, ugly with outstanding veins, that she might note the accident—and the difference."

"People giggled, and she snatched her hand away, blushing furiously."

Of which exhibition of bad manners it may be said that Miss Winship seems to have known perfectly how to retaliate.

Robert Barr has resolved to write a novel on United States politics.

Kipling's forthcoming novel, *Kim of the Rishitl*, is a long one. It is to run as a serial for eleven months, beginning with next January.

It is understood that among the books upon which Mark Twain is at work is one upon *The Origin of Humor*. This, it is said, is nearing completion.

An historical novel of the last century is in process of construction under the capable hands of Sir Walter Besant. He intends to call it *The Lady of Lynn*.

The title of the new story which Mr. Stanley Weyman intends to print as a serial next year is *Count Hannibal*. It suggests an Italian scene and plot.

"Manners! Gentlemen!" is the imperative title of Miss Corelli's newest

lecture to the press. "In nothing," remarks the New York "Tribune," "does this lady show her intellectual weakness and crudity so much as in her extreme sensitiveness to criticism."

A Canadian edition of Quisante, Anthony Hope's new novel, has just been issued by William Briggs.

A new book by Tolstoy is to appear this winter, called *The Slavery of Our Times*. It contains, according to London "Literature," the conclusions which he has reached from a study of modern industrialism.

It is high praise to a book to say that it makes us hark back to George Eliot for its counterpart. This, however, is the compliment paid to Edith Phillips' *Sons of the Morning* by New York "Life." The scene, as in *Children of the Mist*, is laid in Devonshire. The Canadian edition has just been brought out by Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., Limited.

An enquirer writing to the New York "Times" Saturday Review" last week wanted to know if Dr. S. Weir Mitchell were dead. Dr. Mitchell is very much alive, and has recently completed one of his greatest works, *Dr. North and His Friends*, a book which will be read and stored up by the scholarly as a record of important discussions taken part in by gifted men and women on psychological and kindred subjects of the most absorbing interest. Hugh Wynne is perhaps Weir Mitchell's masterpiece. It has been called "the great American novel," and 50,000 copies have already been sold. The Copp, Clark Company have just brought out a very attractive new one-volume edition of this book.

"A Connecticut girl fell from her bicycle and hurt her knee. When they examined the injury in the drug store, they found she had on three pairs of stockings—soft, plain white, and the every-day sort." "No doubt her excuse for wearing all that hosiery was a thin one."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### Freedom For Man and Beast.

"Modern Society" assures us that Germany is the real country of freedom. There is no tyranny of fashion in Germany. Not only may a man wear what he pleases, but even a dog may marry whomsoever he likes. The result is seen in the amazing specimens of dogs which suggest delirium tremens to the English dog-lover. The average Englishman takes pride in a pure-bred animal, and is apologetic for even a favorite whose parentage is mixed. The German is—in canine matters—the most democratic, anarchistic man on earth. What do you think of

Don't Know How

To Select Food to Rebuild On.

"To find that a lack of knowledge of how to properly feed one's self caused me to serve ten long years as a miserable dyspeptic is rather humiliating. I was a sufferer for that length of time, and had become a shadow of my natural self. I was taking medicine all the time and dieting the best I knew how."

"One day I heard of Grape-Nuts food, in which the starch was pre-digested by natural processes, and that the food rebuilt the brain and nerve centers. I knew that if my nervous system could be made strong and perfect, I could digest food all right, so I started in on Grape-Nuts, with very little confidence, for I had been disheartened for a long time."

"I was improving after living on Grape-Nuts a little while, and in three months I had gained 12 pounds and was feeling like a new person. For the past two years I have not had the slightest symptom of indigestion, and am now perfectly well."

"I made a discovery that will be of importance to many mothers. When my infant was two months old I began to give it softened Grape-Nuts. Baby was being fed on the bottle and not doing well, but after starting on Grape-Nuts food and the water poured over it, the child began to improve rapidly. Is now a year old and very fat and healthy and has never been sick. Is unusually bright—has been saying words ever since it was six months old. I know from experience that there is something in Grape-Nuts that brightens up anyone, infant or adult, both physically and mentally."

It does not require any expert testimony to prove the good qualities of

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25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

an animal with the legs and chest of a bulldog and the face of a collier? But that is only a mild specimen of the results of canine mesalliances which may be seen any day in any German town.

Doctor (to operetta diva who wishes to be vaccinated)—Shall I vaccinate your arm?

Divia—Heavens! No, of course not. Think of me as an artist with a scar on my arm! You must vaccinate me where it won't show.

Doctor—I think you had better take it internally.

### For the Children.

To Keep Their Digestion Perfect Nothing is so Safe and Pleasant as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Thousands of men and women have found Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets the safest and most reliable preparation for any form of indigestion or stomach trouble.

"Thousands of people who are not sick, but are well and wish to keep well, take Stuart's Tablets after every meal to insure perfect digestion and avoid trouble."

But it is not generally known that the Tablets are just as good and wholesome for little folks as for their elders.

Little children who are pale, thin and have no appetite, or do not grow or thrive, should use the tablets after eating, and will derive great benefit from them.

Mrs. G. H. Crotley, 538 Washington street, Hoboken, New Jersey, writes: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets just fill the bill for children as well as for older folks. I've had the best of luck with them. My three-year-old girl takes them as readily as candy. I have only to say 'tablets' and she drops everything else and runs for them."

A Buffalo mother a short time ago who despaired of the life of her babe was so delighted with the results from giving the child these tablets that she went before the notary public of Erie County, N.Y., and made the following affidavit:

Gentlemen—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets were recommended to me for my two-months-old baby, which was sick and puny and the doctors said was suffering from indigestion. I took the child to the hospital, but there found no relief. A friend mentioned the Stuart Tablets, and I procured a box from my druggist and used only the large sweet lozenges in the box and was delighted to find they were just the thing for my baby. I feel justified in saying that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets saved my child's life.

MRS. W. T. DETHLOPE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of April, 1897.

HENRY KARIS.

Notary Public in and for Erie Co., N.Y.

For babies, no matter how young or delicate, the tablets will accomplish wonders in increasing flesh, appetite and growth. Use only the large sweet tablets in every box. Full-sized boxes are sold by all druggists for 50 cents and no parent should neglect the use of this safe remedy for all stomach and bowel troubles if the child is suffering in any way regarding its food or assimilation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been known for years as the best preparation for all stomach troubles, whether in adults or infants.

### Mr. Goschen's Generosity.

An English paper says of Mr. Goschen, the retiring First Lord of the Admiralty, that he has proved the most generous of parents, for as each of his children marries he has always given either son or daughter a fully furnished house in a fashionable situation in London. Socially he is a genial and excellent talker. But he once told a lady, in a country house where he had spent a delightful week's end, that he never remembered names or faces, and that in six months it would be impossible for him to recall a single incident or one of the house party. His favorite amusement is to watch cricket at Lord's, but of late years he has seldom had the chance. It was stated at a London dinner-party, by an old friend of the First Lord, that Mr. Goschen had never heard an opera in London, but some of those present put little faith in the assertion.

### How Much Neck?

How much neck may Mary Jane exhibit as she waits at breakfast on a hot summer morning? A Liverpool lady felt justified in dismissing her servant who appeared somewhat unbuttoned; and the point of etiquette was worked out in the court. Judge Collier—with the directness of a man and the brutality of a judge—suggested that the Irish servant exposed no more of her person than is exhibited by ladies in evening dress. But evening dress is worn in the evening, when—to adopt a historic phrase—the half-drunk lean over the half-clad. Ladies have privileges which cannot be shared by mere Irish parlor maids. So Bridget paid for her loosened buttons with the sacrifice of her wages.

The Jersey thief who makes the defence that he stole to get money for music lessons reminds one of the defence of the colored gentleman who said he stole a pair of breeches to get baptized in.—"Judge."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD, Editor

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## Drama

One does not need to look for smut with a microscope in some of the jokes and songs in Mam'selle 'Awkins. One does not need to be a prayer-meeting pelican to become nauseated with a very little of this sort of thing. One may be something very far removed from a prude and yet regret the tendency to introduce in modern musical comedy as much of the suggestive, vulgar or positively indecent as respectable people are likely to sit for and pretend to enjoy.

What would otherwise be an entertainment jolly and innocent, if not edifying or specially excellent, is, in the case of Mam'selle 'Awkins, objectionable passages into something that at times grows offensive to all but the too innocent, or the too, too experienced. Who will pretend to say that the piece would not be just as funny, as bright and as successful, if the broader dialogue and "business" were pruned off at the very point where they sprout out? To be sure, Mam'selle 'Awkins has the seal of popular approval; it has evoked a very generous enthusiasm here in Toronto the Good, night after night. But I venture the assertion that the majority of its patrons would have been outwardly quite as demonstrative in its favor and inwardly better pleased with themselves and the whole affair, had the show extorted laughter from them only by the use of fun without a taint. I have a great deal of sympathy for the popular taste that demands of the stage nothing further than to be amused; that prefers the tunefulness and tinsel of comic opera and vaudeville, to stilted emotion in the mouth of a mummer or the "consummate art" of some curtain-chewing sobersides. The little space 'twixt work-hours and bed-time is not to be lightly thrown away on imaginary tears or on sighs that re-echo the big world we have left a little while and must return to as sure as breakfast. But for the life of me I can't see why we cannot have all the amusement our ribs can sustain, all the tunefulness and tinsel ear and eye can crave, without any uncleanness of word or deed or ought else that must be shut out with the dogs and darkness when we get back from the play-house to our homes. I believe there is a big success awaiting the librettist and comedian who will lead the way to a better condition and testify to some faith in public taste and morals by giving us a high-class musical comedy, as witty, tuneful and sprightly as the best of them, but without one appeal to anything lower than a simple love of fun.

Mam'selle 'Awkins has no conspicuous merit, musically speaking, nor were there any good voices in the company that produced it here. But at least it was well put on, while the clever work of half a dozen rare comedians made up in some measure for the poor quality of music and the utterly inane book.

The lone oyster of the humorists that for a score of years has wandered from soup-tureen to soup-tureen in restaurants and hotels is at last the subject of a brand-new joke. The story was sprung on an unsuspecting audience at Shea's by John Kernell, Irish comedian. If the oyster can still be handled in a fresh and original style, great things may still be expected of the mother-in-law and terrible infant jokes. Kernell's yarn was simply this: "I board at a German boarding-house out in Woodbridge. We get terrible fare there. The cook made an oyster stew the other day, but the water wasn't warm enough to kill the oyster. Every time I broke a cracker into my plate that oyster would just rise to the surface and swallow the pieces and then escape down to the bottom again." The crowd yelled, and well they might. A real new joke is not met with every day in the week.

Shea's was a very entertaining place to visit this week. The Behnans are a clever lot of people, and lost none of their popularity here by this their third visit. A good show and a big show will draw the crowd every time.

That old stager, Joe Murphy, was "at it again" at the Toronto this week. Shaun Rhue and the Kerry Gow are oft-told tales, and there are people who think Joseph might shake himself and give the public a change of diet. But Joseph seems to know best, for the public, or a section of it, is willing to stand for his hash-up year after year.

When will the adventures of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan lose their charm? Not so long as The Three Musketeers continue to be as well played as it has been done by these players since they located in Toronto, and perhaps none so good. They surprised even their best friends. Of course the acting was not without weak points, but for a stock company production it came as near perfection as any reasonable person would wish. The chief honors fall to Messrs. Webster and Evans, who impersonated D'Artagnan and Richelieu respectively in an exceedingly satisfactory manner, and to Miss Meta Maynard, who did her best work as Richelieu's spy, but the whole play

went off with admirable spirit and dash, and no one was conspicuously out of joint with the requirements. Costumes and scenery were alike convincing. Next week the Valentines will give us William Gillette's ever laughable Private Secretary. Mr. Robert Evans will play the title role. He has played the part several times, and is credited with investing his characterization with many original touches. Mr. Robinson will be Catermole, and with Messrs. Webster, Bresen, Kent, and the Misses Desmonde, Blancke, Watson, and Taylor it should be no trouble at all to cast the play to advantage. As there is really no part in The Private Secretary for Miss Maynard, it has been arranged for her to recite The Absent Minded Beggar and Bobs during the intermissions.

Fulgora's European-American Stars will play a week's engagement at Shea's Theater, commencing Monday next. The entertainment promises to be a good one. Amongst its features are: Kara, the juggler; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, in a sketch entitled A Bit of Life; Tom Lewis and Sam J. Ryan in a funny sketch; James and Lucy Allison, dancers from the Palace Theater, London; Polk and Kolins, musicians; Hayman and Hayman, character comedians; Zeb and Zarrow, trick and comedy bicyclists, and the Four Huntings, eccentric acrobats.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mr. H. N. Shaw took a company comprising the more advanced among the members of his dramatic class to Oshawa, and put on two plays, the farce comedy, Our Regiment, and Lytton's Richelieu. A small but appreciative matinee audience witnessed the performance of Our Regiment. Mr. Shaw took the part of Guy Warrenter, a foppish, eccentric, but thoroughly good-hearted lieutenant in the 8th Lancers, who spend four days in military manoeuvres at Mudborough-on-Slush. A trio of maturities, Mr. Ellaby and Mrs. Dobbinson, who dote on the military, and Mr. Dobbinson, who hates the scarlet uniform, were parts that were well taken. The rest of the support was good. In the evening a crowded house saw the performance of Richelieu, in which Mr. Shaw scored another success in the role of the Cardinal. The entire cast did first-rate work, and Mr. Shaw has every cause to be proud of his pupils. Mrs. Tresidder, rising to the situations of the last three acts, did some excellent acting as the Cardinal's ward. Mr. Percival portrayed a very priestly Joseph, and Miss Pearl O'Neill, in repeating her former success as Francois the page, won even more golden opinions for her acting than on any previous occasion. Mr. Frank Morgan, Mr. Grant Gordon and Mr. Ivan Wright sustained their respective parts most creditably, while the remainder of the cast maintained an agreeable balance in the play.



Marguerita Sylva

The Marguerita Sylva Opera Company will present at the Grand all of next week Kirke La Shelle's opera comic, The Princess Chic. The opera was seen here last year, so that the interest centers principally on the advent of Miss Sylva as a star.

All lovers of the humanities will be rejoiced to hear that a Greek play, The Return of Odysseus, adapted from Homer's immortal epic, is shortly to be presented in Toronto. The Women's Residence Association of the University of Toronto have the undertaking well under way, having secured the services of an instructor of continental reputation. The play is to be given in the Grand Opera House on the evenings of December 13 and 14, and on the afternoon of December 15. Tickets at 1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents, may be obtained from any member of the Association and from Miss Salter, University College. Those buying tickets may exchange them for reserved seats at the Grand Opera House box office, on and after December 4th. The plan will be open to the public on December 4th.

## Golf.

THE final rounds for the championship of both the Toronto and Rosedale Clubs were played off on Saturday last in the most ideal weather. Over the picturesque course of the Toronto Club, Mr. Lyon and Mr. Gordon struggled for supremacy, and not until the last cup had been holed was the match decided. Mr. Lyon adding another honor to his list, winning by 1 up. The match was intensely interesting, first one and then the other being in the lead. At the ninth Mr. Gordon was 1 up, the tenth going to the champion in 2 to 4. Mr. Gordon won the next in 3, while the twelfth was halved in 4. The three next went to Mr. Lyon in fours to Mr. Gordon's fives. The sixteenth was halved in 4, leaving the champion dormie 2. The seventeenth was won by Mr. Gordon in 3 to 4, and the eighteenth was halved in 4, leaving Mr. Lyon 1 up. The score by holes was good, the champion making 80 to his opponent's 82. The element of luck, which one sees at all golf games, was very much in evidence. At the fourth hole Mr. Lyon went down in a long putt over the hill for 5, and Mr. Gordon duplicated the feat at the next in 1. At the ninth Mr. Gordon's second lay over by the tenth tee some thirty yards from the flag. With his iron he made a beautiful running approach to the green and dropped neatly into the cup. Mr. Lyon, with a long putt of twenty yards, rimmed the cup at the same hole. At the tenth, both got good drives, Gordon playing his driver, Lyon his cleek. The Rosedale man lay at least twenty yards from the flag, and short of the small ravine. Playing the like he made a fine approach and holed his ball for 2 to his partner's 4. At the second Ambrose, Mr. Lyon drove to the bunker, which is fully 215 yards from the tee, and would have run another ten yards had there been no impediment. He made a grand recovery from a seemingly impossible lie against the wall of the bunker. The champion was in first-class form, and had he not been at about the top of his game, he would have gone down before his opponent, who was playing an almost faultless game, and all through only missed a couple of chances. One watching Mr. Gordon drive, would wonder how he gets his distance from a half swing. His ball, however, carries well, and what it lacks in distance it makes up in straightness. Mr. Gordon was the winner of

this event in 1898, and Mr. Lyon in 1899.

At the Rosedale Club a great deal of interest was shown in the Hood-Brown match for the club championship. Those who have been watching Dr. Hood's game for some time past, confidently backed him to win, and the Doctor fully justified their opinion. The match was anybody's almost to the last, the Doctor winning by 2 up and 1 to



MR. S. GORDON.

Doctor thoroughly deserves his win; honors like this should go round. He has only been playing the game since 1897, and has a record that is second only to that of Mr. Lyon. In 1898 his play in the Canadian championship carried him to the semi-final, when he was thrown out by his club-mate, Lyon, after defeating such men as Stewart Gordon and J. P. Taylor. The Doctor has also succeeded before in getting into the semi-finals in the club championship, and played A. W. Smith to a standstill for the Niagara challenge cup a couple of years ago. He plays a strong game in all the departments, and makes many a clever and well-judged stroke from a difficult lie, which, when successfully negotiated, are often characterized as "Hood's luck."

The Rosedale team of fifteen which went to Hamilton last week was defeated by the Ambitious City team, 31-21. One of the features of the game was the defeat of Mr. Lyon by Mr. Fritz Martin. The Hamilton people are casting their eyes about for a site for a new course, where they will be free from the stones that spoil their fair green, on which a number of clubs were broken. Thanksgiving Day. The greens are first-class, but the stones spoil the balance of the course. The club has in Mount Pisgah the sportiest hole in Canada. The distance is 170 yards, and has to be played up the mountain for 100 feet, and a pull or a slice will take the ball into the ravine at either side. A bunker is placed half way up, and a great number of players use their irons to this for safety, but a good driver will reach the green from the tee. The Hamilton team, 20 strong, is playing a return match this afternoon at the Rosedale links.

Miss Frances Griscom was beaten at Baltusrol this week by Miss Georgianna Bishop, of Bridgeport.

HAZARD.

## Emperor William and His Mother.

Apocryphal of the illness of Empress Frederick, it is stated that when her husband died, she was the most unpopular woman in Germany on account of her antagonism to Bismarck. When Prince Henry congratulated his brother on his accession he begged the Emperor, in the fulness of his new dignity and of the dazzling popularity he was sure to gain, not to forget their love as brothers. William said: "I don't know so much about popularity, Henry. If you take mother on one of your 'apple barges' and deliver her safely in England, it is you who would be the most popular man in Germany!" "Apple barges" ("Apfelkane") are barges bringing fruit from the country right into Berlin, at the Weidendammer Brücke, and were the only craft with which the Berliner was familiar at that time. The Emperor has taught them better since, and on his own part has learned greater respect for his mother.

## A Too Realistic Performance.

At a small seaport town, a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss; but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager. And to this the lady agreed.

The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo: "He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

(Juliet appears. Prompter lights the match.)

"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"

(This was the match lighting the fuse.)

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun, or, rather, the rocket, did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.

Since then Romeo and Juliet has always been looked upon in that town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.



"Here's quarter, old man. Get a shava." "L'fe."

## Notes From the Capital.

IN New York last week, a marriage took place in which Ottawa society was much interested. The bridegroom was Mr. Willie Grant, youngest son of Sir James Grant, who, following the example of an elder brother, chose a United Stateser for his wife; a United States girl with all the necessary qualifications. Mrs. William Grant was Miss Katherine Hall, daughter of Mrs. Hall, a wealthy widow with only two daughters, and a handsome home in Fifth avenue, that renowned avenue of Gotham where none but millionaires dare settle. The marriage took place in the drawing-room of Mrs. Hall's residence, and was followed by a reception at which there were nearly five hundred guests. Sir James and Lady Grant went down for the wedding, bringing with them their youngest and prettiest daughter, Miss Gwendoline Grant, who was one of five bridesmaids dressed in blue crepe de chine. The gowns were trimmed with insertions of lace, and had sleeves reaching only to the elbow. No hats were worn, but each pretty maid—New York girls are all pretty—wore a large blue chrysanthemum tucked in her fluffy hair. Probably one never heard of blue chrysanthemums, even though there may be such flowers in the land of the Mikado but these blue chrysanthemums did not come from Japan, nor from a conservatory, but were made by one of the smartest New York milliners. They were quite as pretty as the mauve chrysanthemums, tied with blue ribbon, which each bridesmaid carried. An amethyst pendant was the gift of the bridegroom to the bridesmaids. His best man was a New Yorker, Mr. Wright by name. The bride wore some beautiful old family lace on her wedding gown, and the pearl throatlet she wore was the gift of her mother, and was almost as priceless as the lace. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grant, of Buffalo, were present at the wedding, also Mr. E. C. Grant and Mr. George Major, of Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. William Grant will, on their return to New York, reside with Mrs. Hall in her Fifth avenue dwelling.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Gormully to Lieut. Hugh Fleming is announced. Lieut. Fleming is the youngest son of Sir Sandford Fleming, and although for some years he has been practising medicine, he has always had an ambition for things military. Last winter he made several unsuccessful attempts for South Africa. Now at last his ambition is to some extent gratified by his appointment as aide-de-camp to General O'Grady-Haly. Miss Gormully is a member of the Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club, and is one of the most popular, as well as one of the handsomest girls in Ottawa.

Mrs. Fielding and Miss Fielding paid a short visit to Ottawa on their return from Toronto, where they went last week for Sir Wilfrid's evening in Massey Hall. They will not be in the Capital again before the momentous 7th of November. Mrs. Blair, however, is here, with Miss Amy Blair, her second daughter. Their house in O'Connor street has been done over, painted and papered, and put into order and readiness for the winter, which looks as if the Minister of Railways and Canals had no fear of the people's verdict. Lady Cartwright is also in town. She is for the present the guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Cartwright, but has come to Ottawa to open up her own residence in New Edinburgh. The Misses Cartwright will probably come down next week. Hon. R. R. Dobell, so far, does not appear to be taking an active interest in the Canadian elections, and the reason is that he has had great anxiety lately concerning the health of his wife, who was attacked last spring with a bad case of rheumatism. Mrs. Dobell and Miss Muriel Dobell have been for the last two months at one of the celebrated German spas. Unless Mrs. Dobell greatly improves in health, it is said the family will not occupy their Ottawa residence this season.

Lord and Lady Minto were present at a very pleasant tea at Rockcliffe Range on Saturday last, after the firing competition between companies of the Guards and the 43rd Rifles; and owing to the perfect atmosphere of the almost summer afternoon many ladies went down to see it. The General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly were there, also Colonel and Mrs. Vidal, Colonel Wilson from Quebec, who wore uniform and came in some military capacity; Colonel Cotton, Colonel and Miss Jarvis, Colonel Tilton, and many others.

On Tuesday afternoon one of the first really formal teas of the season was given by Madame Charles Coursol, of Daly avenue, in honor of a charming French-Canadian visitor, Madame de Bellefleur Macdonald, from Montreal, who is the guest of her niece, Mrs. Frank Bérard. It was a ladies' tea, and a very bright one.

AMARYLLIS.

## Borrowed Brilliance.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD was often accused of borrowing many of his witticisms from Disraeli and other sources, and now it turns out that Disraeli carried on a similar process of gentle plagiarism. Mr. Charles Whibley, in a series of papers now attracting much attention in London, entitled "The Pageantry of Life," calls attention to this fact, and cites a few passages from Disraeli's writings.

"O thou indifferent ape of earth," exclaims one of the characters in Vivian Grey of the sea, "what art thou, O bully ocean, but the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of cow-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, and the kennel of dog-fishes?" This is conveyed bodily from Fuller's Holy State: "Who first taught the water to imitate the creatures on land, so that the sea is the stable of horse-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, the kennel of dog-fishes." Take, again, the two quotations which I have oftenest heard made from Disraeli: "Sensible men are all of the same religion." "Pray, what is that?" "Sensible men never tell." And this: "Critics are authors who have failed." In a note to Burnet's History of My Own Times you will find the first attributed to Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (first Lord Shaftesbury), "People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really of one religion." To the inquiry of "What religion?" the Earl said, "Men of sense never tell it." As for the second, it was said, before Disraeli adopted it, by Balzac, by Coleridge, by Walter Savage Landor, by Captain Marryat, and most venomously of all by Shelley: "Reviewers, with rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic."

## Candid if Not Polite.

F. L. Huidekoper, of Washington, tells an amusing story of a disappointed office seeker of years ago:

"Back in '56," says he, "when Buchanan was running for the Presidency, he had an intimate friend in a Western State who was also a friend of mine. This man worked early and late for Buchanan's cause, and really did as much as anyone else to put his State in the Buchanan column on election day.

"My friend, whom we will call Smith, had a wife who was an invalid. He thought that he was entitled to some recognition for the work he had done—as he was—and he applied for a consulate on the coast of the Mediterranean, believing that the sojourn there would improve his wife's health.

"Months went by, and he heard nothing of his application, except that it had been received by the President. Then came the blow. He was notified that he had been made consul at some little town in Iceland! Smith sat down and wrote a letter, which I saw before it left, so I can vouch for it. The letter read:

"To one James Buchanan, President of These United States.

"Since applying to you, some months ago, for a consulate on the balmy shores of the Mediterranean, my wife, who was ill, has gone to Heaven, and you can go to —."

October 27, 1900

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Owen Sound to the loss he a sequel history of t ago this aut tons, buried accidentally. mams of f found was There were about them the corroding scraps of el skulls was broken. Th lished.

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## The White Cloud Island Mystery.

SEVENTEEN years after the strange disappearance of the "Jane Miller," already recounted in this series, a discovery was made on Griffith's Island—one of a group lying between Colpo's Bay and Owen Sound—that at first seemed to bear some reference to the loss of that vessel, but is now generally believed to be a sequel to one of the most mysterious tragedies in the history of those parts—a tragedy enacted thirty-two years ago this autumn. The discovery was that of three skeletons, buried a little below the surface, and was made quite accidentally. These skeletons could not have been the remains of Indians, because the position in which they were found was not in accord with the mode of Indian burial. There were no distinguishing marks of any kind upon or about them—no buttons, knives, or substances that resist the corroding action of the earth through long years; no scraps of clothing to give the faintest clue. One of the skulls was of a peculiar shape, and the other two were broken. This was all by which identity might be established.

Some thought that the remains were those of victims of the "Jane Miller" disaster, washed ashore on Griffith's Island many years ago, and interred by somebody there. But it is hardly likely that anyone would have failed to report the finding of bodies so close to the scene of a famous wreck—one of the profoundest mysteries that ever enshrouded the fate of a vessel on the Great Lakes. The most reasonable supposition is that some story of foul play lay back of the burying of those bodies on Griffith's Island, and the necessary circumstances to complete the chain of probability are found in a case of mysterious disappearance that sent the whole Georgian Bay country wild with excitement in the fall of 1868.

In the summer of that year, Captain Charles Fothergill, of the Township of Derby, adjoining Owen Sound, sold his farm there, receiving a large sum of money which was deposited with a private citizen in Owen Sound. Fothergill owned a sawmill on White Cloud Island, and a farm on Colpo's Bay. One Saturday, early in September, he took \$2,000 in cash from the gentleman who had kept his money, intending to go to White Cloud Island and pay the wages of his mill-hands. He also purchased several bags of seed wheat for his farm at Colpo's. His trip was to be made by sail-boat, and as the season of year was pleasant and the voyage inviting, he easily induced a number of friends to join him. These were George Brown, postmaster of Owen Sound; John Robinson, a gentleman from the Southern States, who had lost heavily in the Civil War and had recently come to Canada to make a new home, and Charles Kennedy, an invalid sailor. Another gentleman, Richard Notter, afterwards mayor of Owen Sound, was to have joined them, but at the last moment was detained by business engagements. The sail-boat stood away from Owen Sound on Saturday afternoon, and its occupants, with one exception, were never more beheld by their friends.

A Mrs. Ogilby, of Big Bay, claimed to have watched the boat pass that place, and to have recognized Mr. Brown, and she said that shortly afterwards another sail-boat passed, evidently following the first. The party failed to return home at the appointed time, and, after some days, friends becoming alarmed, a search party was sent out. On the beach of White Cloud Island was found their boat, sitting on an even keel, with her cargo of grain undisturbed. On the shore, near by, lay the sailor, Kennedy, dead. A little dog, owned by Postmaster Brown, barked and whined piteously on the shore as the searchers approached. Fothergill's pocket-book, empty, was picked up, and a number of his private papers littered the beach. No trace, however, could be found of the three occupants of the boat, nor was any ever found, though a steamer was chartered and the whole coast line scoured for miles.

The tragedy took place about the time of year that the Indian agent usually went to the Cape Croker reserve to pay the annuities of the Indians, and it can easily be believed that the perpetrators of the crime, whatever its nature was, concluded that one of the party was the agent, and expected to make a big haul. In those days a notorious outlaw, belonging to a respectable family, however, terrorized the country round about Owen Sound. It is possible that he was the murderer of the Fothergill party. There were also three desperate characters—Frenchmen—living in Owen Sound at the time, and these were suspected of having had a hand in the mysterious murder. But the crime was never brought home to anyone. In those days the Attorney-General's Department was not what it is to-day, and many a foul crime went unpunished for the want of skilled detective work promptly executed.

If the bodies found on Griffith's Island two years ago were those of Fothergill, Brown and Robinson, it must be that the murder took place on that Island, and the boat, with Kennedy's body and the dog, was afterwards taken to White Cloud Island to throw the authorities off the scent. Or else the murder took place on White Cloud Island, where the boat was found, the remains of three of the victims being removed to Griffith's Island, for the same purpose.

David Brown, C.P.R. agent at Hong Kong, a gentleman known to many Canadians, is the son of the murdered postmaster. Charles Fothergill, son of Captain Fothergill, is a farmer near Moosejaw, N.W.T. John Robinson and Joseph Robinson, sons of the victim from the Southern States, are citizens of Owen Sound and Wiarton, respectively, and as stalwart Britons as ever lived.

Postmaster Brown, his friends say, had an oddly-shaped head, and this fact fits in with the theory that the bones found two years ago were those of the men murdered thirty years before. But the mystery, like so many of the wrecks and tragedies of the inscrutable Georgian, will never be satisfactorily cleared up.

LANCER.

## Kipling Cross-Questioned.

UDYARD KIPLING'S recent poem on the federation of the Australian colonies, though generally well received, is not escaping criticism. London "Truth," in a bit of versification in which Kipling's meter is cleverly parodied, demands with brutal denseness what the bard means by the "Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers amongst their peers"—where is it—in that unknown district where the "notched Kai-kouras rise"? And what about the odd young lady, from stanza to stanza, changes relationship from the Old Queen's daughter to her sister, and next to her grandchild? Why doesn't she become a niece and a first cousin also? Then again, the poet is asked to explain the meaning of

"It shall be crowning Our crowning to hold Our crown for a gift." And does Kipling consider "house" a passable rhyme for "vows," or "forth" for "worth"? And now for a final question—O Bard of the Jingo band, pray why will you write these verses no fellow can understand? And couldn't you kindly give us, in the strenuous years to be, Instead of such cryptic gushing, some more of The Soldiers Three?

Poet—Poets, sir, are born, not made. Editor—Of course; who do you suppose would want to make one?

## Three Great Bishops.

WHEN Bishop Potter visited Toronto several years ago, he attended a meeting of Excelsior Assembly, Knights of Labor, No. 2,305, and in order to demonstrate his keen interest in that society, of which he was a member, he worked his way into the assembly-room by the ordinary means, appearing on the floor of the lodge in full episcopal regalia after passing the several doors and tylers with password and symbol. So characteristic an action must be an index to some striking quality in the man. It might show that Dr. Potter is a consummate pouter. But the Bishop of New York's reputation and influence could hardly be accounted for, after the test of so many years of successful labor, on the basis of insincerity. His action may be taken as an indication, rather, of enthusiastic devotion to a cause. He has the capacity to identify himself in complete singleness of purpose with any claim that once enlists his sympathy.

It was not inappropriate, therefore, that the subject of his address to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, assembled here in convention last week, should be "Advancing the Sole Object." Not only did the man speak on the subject, but the subject spoke of the man.

Bishop Potter is not a great rhetorician, but he is a great mover of the hearts of men. His eloquence is not of the kind that dazzles like a jewel, but it is of the kind that kindles like a flame. And withal he is reasonable—yes, reasonable, that is the word; reasonable rather than logical. The most striking point in his address was on the attitude the modern Christian world must take towards the Bible. Bishop Potter did not claim for Scripture the position that would have been claimed for it one hundred years ago. He admitted, frankly and without reserve, that men had been compelled in the light of scientific knowledge to readjust their point of vision. But he claimed that on its spiritual side the Bible remains, and will ever remain, as potential and unassailable as it was at any period in the history of the world. There was nothing in scholarship, nothing in literature that could alter its character as a revelation from the Creator to His creatures. Bishop Potter claims to have a mind open to all truth, and wishes everyone to have the same. "Do not be afraid of anything that is true," was his counsel. He could say this, because he holds to Scripture as an expression of spiritual truth, with which any other form of truth can never be really at war.

Widely different, though perhaps unconsciously so, was the attitude of Bishop DuMoulin in his address on "The True Basis of National Greatness" at Massey Hall. His Lordship of Niagara claimed for Scripture a position as a guide and hand-book in civil and religious polity as well as in personal conduct. He spoke as if he believed the Bible revealed the Creator's specific wishes, as well as His general nature and will. The nations should shape their institutions according to the Bible, and all that is of value in legislation is derived from the Bible. This might be a hard proposition to maintain before historians. And imagine legislators in our day surrendering a jot of credit for their myriad "reforms," to inspired statesmen of three or four thousand years ago!

Bishop DuMoulin is always a charming speaker, and adorns any subject with his impassioned eloquence. It may be doubted whether any other Churchman in Canada is his equal as an orator. Why are so many Irishmen gifted with the power to enchant men with the orderly music of words? It has been suggested that any people who have a cause to talk about learn to talk. Perhaps this is true. If so, it is not surprising that the Irish are an eloquent race.

Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, another figure at last week's meetings, is a very different type from his brothers of New York and Niagara. Huge, rosy, genial and young, he looks the lawyer or doctor rather than the preacher. His general "get-up" suggests the church militant, and his speeches do not belie his appearance. What a splendid Grenadier he would make! How he would tower aloft in the bonnet and kilts of a Highland regiment! Bishop Gailor can do what few preachers can—introduce a story into a religious address without spoiling either the story or the theme. Speaking on "The True Basis of National Greatness," he asserted that the great enemy of free institutions is covetousness. He laid his hand with physicianly precision on one of the social weaknesses of our time when he said that the tendency towards combination is destroying the sense of individual responsibility. Every man was accountable for evils in the community, inasmuch as he was a part of the public opinion that made these evils possible. He took a shy at the men who sit in gilded club-houses playing whist and talking pessimism. These people were "backward-creeping crabs." Every man's duty was to be up and doing for the right. This is an inspiring sentiment, but it is not true, after all, that the drones and pessimists are exceeding few even in "gilded club-houses."

"How do you know he is a great pianist?" "I have talked with him."

## Superstitious.



"What; just because your husband appears you back out of going hunting? Certainly. Don't you know that if you see an old woman you always have bad luck?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

## The Other Side of the Question.

Life.



"Mrs. Isaacson, were dere many Gr'tians dere dees zumer?" "Nod many, bad zoze zat were dere were more obnoxious dan ever."

## A Study in Incompetence.

By the Ex-Office Boy.

"Hello, great day for wheeling, isn't it?" said the 'Incompetent,' one day, bouncing into the office, smiling and serene. The senior clerk jerked his head impatiently and went on writing. The 'Incompetent' was a girl, and she pouted, but she sat down at her desk and opened a letter, which she read with great interest and one or two blushes. When she had stowed the letter safely away, she stared thoughtfully out of the window for a moment, then with a sigh she looked at her desk. She ransacked the pigeon-holes in idle curiosity, found some clippings that she read over and consigned to the waste-paper basket, and others that she pasted into an improvised scrap-book. Then she tidied up the desk, remembered to put on cuffs, and then forgot again, because she got interested in the startling coiffure of one of the typewriters, and when her thoughts got tired of the coiffure she noticed that September on the calendar had not given place to October; she then took off the leaf and tore it up into infinitesimal pieces and dropped them meditatively into the W.P.B. Then she yawned, and looked, unseeing, at her desk again, then at her watch.

Another incompetent came into the office. This time a man. He would rush down to work in an awful hurry. When he entered he would tear off his gloves, bang his hat on to the nail, and bounce into his chair without taking breath. Then he would rip open his letters, throw them around on the desk, looking for his specs, scold the girl who was incompetent, shout at a man, nearly tear the telephone out by the roots trying to get 40109 and then find out that he wanted 40110, and swear. That man worked late and early, and complained all the time of how he had to do, really. It used to make me tired just to watch him.

Then the manager was such a jolly old chump. He would come down all dressed up, and would tip-toe into his office, after having something frivolous to say to the 'Incompetent' girl, who always looked the other way. Pretty soon he would emerge, a pen over his ear, his coat and cuffs on, brandishing an empty ink-well. He would raise Billy around where I sat, and I was too politic to tell him that the 'Incompetent' girl had taken his ink, so he would blame me and sputter and jaw all the time I was rectifying the mistake. And instead of waiting and doing something useful, he would stand over me and give me directions, while some important customer cooled his heels in the office waiting for him.

Then there was me. The trouble with me was that I wanted to run the business. I wanted to see an invoice sent when it was asked for. I wanted to ship goods when they were promised, and I used to unceremoniously "hustle" the 'Incompetent' girl and the 'Incompetent' man and make remarks not becoming in an office boy, and so I got bounced for insubordination.

You bet, I don't allow my office boy to "hustle" anybody in my establishment, or make sarcastic remarks about the way invoices are attended to, but, all the same, I think, if I had had charge of that other firm, that it wouldn't have dwindled into a side-street plant so soon.

???

O gentle reader, do you never hanker To smash the midriff of some hoary cad. Some bull-necked plutocrat or bloated banker. Whose wine is good and conversation bad?

Do you not feel, when in your morning paper You read the praises of some social tramp. As if you'd like with number tens to caper Upon the gushing editorial clump?

Do you not wish that with ungoverned passion You might go ramping through both Church and State. Smashing the idols that are "quite the fashion." And jolting every "most respected" skate?

Well, if you don't—if your downtrodden liver Ne'er makes you long such righteous things to do. O gentle reader, I am all a-quiver To rise and kick the sawdust out of you. —New York "Life."

## The World For Methodists.

Life.

The truth is that if China could only make up her mind to it, and only had a mind that could be made up, it would be the very making of her, politically and industrially, to be converted wholesale, and imbibe the doctrines and practices of the Methodist Church. Think what good it would do her, how she would wake up, what an army she would have, how the coal and iron would come out of her! Who can doubt that forty years of devotion to Methodist ideals and methods would qualify her to send missionaries to Paris and to back every dozen missionaries with a battle-ship? The more one thinks of the present missionary system in China the more it seems an outrage on the Chinese: the more outrageous it seems, the more indispensable it appears that China should be converted to the Gospel of Peace and learn to hit back to some purpose. These ideas may seem a bit contradictory, but it is not the truth that the only nations of the earth that are able nowadays to take good care of themselves and impose on other nations are the great Christian nations, and especially the Protestant nations, and more particularly the Protestant nations that most abound in Methodists?

## Omar No Sensualist.

Dealing with the assertion of Andrew Lang that Omar Khayyam is becoming a bore, the St. Louis "Mirror" remarks: "The bore is, that the sentiments of Omar are taken too literally by the vast majority of the people who quote him. He is the man behind whom adolescent agnostics stalk into serious, sensible conversation. He is made an excuse for a great deal of half-baked literature and talk with a tinge of the blasé and the disillusioned. We all know that Omar Khayyam sang no wisdom of the hog-troth, as Mr. Fawcett puts it. Any thoughtful reader knows that the Rubaiyat is no more ribald than Ecclesiastes, no more vulgarly sensual than Solomon's 'Song of Songs.' And the man who gave us the quatrains in English was no sensualist. Edward Fitzgerald viewed the verses as poetry, and as poetry they are admired by all persons capable of appreciating poetry. The philosophy of Omar is taken with a decidedly large pinch of salt, and the whole spirit of the quatrains is anything but one of ribaldry."

## The Muse of Trade.

In London various butchers and bakers are said to be invoking the aid of the Muse to add to the gaiety of life while bettering their own business. The revival reminds one of Macaulay, who in one of his letters quotes lines issued from his hat shop by one James Johnson. Delicately they stand in contrast to the self-assertion of the shouting soaps and miraculous medicines of to-day. Of course the old hatter claims for himself perfection; but he does it in so charmingly civil and roundabout a manner. He sings:

Although it is wrong, I must frankly confess, To judge of the merits of folk by their dress, I cannot help thinking an ill-looking hat Is a very bad sign in a man for all that; Especially now, as James Johnson is willing To set up our old hats, in style, for a shilling; And give them a gloss of so silky a hue As makes them look newer than when they were new. There is almost a suggestion of Maria Edgeworth in the leisure to moralize and patness of remark.

## Casey and the Law.

"Law Notes" indulges in this flight of imagination: A Canadian gentleman, Casey by name, was appointed to a Government place which technically had to be occupied by a lawyer, which Mr. Casey was not. The benches of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality, and appointed one of their number as a special examiner to examine him as to his knowledge of the law.

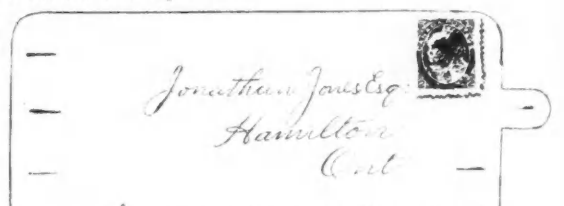
"Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about law, anyway?"

"To tell the truth," replied the candidate, "I don't know a single thing."

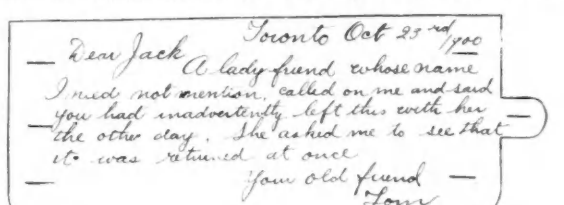
The examiner reported, stating in his affidavit "that he had examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law, and, to the best of his information and belief, he had answered the questions entirely correctly." Mr. Casey was admitted to the bar.

## A Mean Insinuation.

The latest bit of silliness takes the form of a practical joke perpetrated on some unsuspecting friend with the assistance of the post-office. A gentleman's cuff is addressed and stamped thus:



On the opposite side some such embarrassing message as the following is inscribed. Then the curious missive is despatched on its trouble-making, or mirth-provoking, errand. The effectiveness of the shaft depends, of course, on the vulnerability of the gentleman addressed, and whether or not his friends (or wife?) get a glimpse at the



thing on its delivery. It is a mean kind of joke, and came from Yankeland, but they say it has been perpetrated several times in Canada the last week or two.

## The Up-to-Date Widower.

Disconsolate he mourned her, the embodiment of gloom, As he thought upon his late departed wife, And wiped away the tears to read the lines upon her tomb: "She has gone. The light has vanished from my life!"

A neighbor who was passing chanced the epitaph to view, Chuckled low, and 'neath the words contrived to scratch, Having noticed the bereaved one busy courting Number Two:

"He'll console himself, and strike another match." —Modern Society.

## A Difference.

The "Outlook."

In the perspective of history, two events in the record of the British Empire during the Queen's reign will stand out beyond all others—the entry into nationhood of Canada and Australia. Canada assumed her nationhood amid the supreme indifference of British statesmen; a happier fate attends Australia, for we begin at last to realize that these young nations of to-day—Canada, Australasia, and South Africa—will to-morrow, when each of them is another United States in population, resources and power, form the very bulwarks of the Empire.

## Two Months to Save Up.

New York "Town Topics."

Now doth the weary, toil-worn man, Who all the Summer has been stool-tied, Deny himself all things he can To make his people gifts at Yuletide.

"Wear your learning," said Lord Chesterfield, "like your watch, in a private pocket." Hewitt—This isn't a bad nickel cigar. Jewett—It may not have been a bad nickel, but it's a bad cigar.

"What a sight it is," remarks the "Independent," recently, "to see the pagan empire of Japan protesting against the barbarities of a Christian nation engaged in war with China!"

My bonny man, the world, 'tis true, Was made for neither me nor you; It's just a place to warstle through, As Job confessed o't;

And, aye, the best that we'll can do, Is mak' the best o't. —Stevenson.



## TRANSPORTATION-RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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New York, Bremen

Welter, Saturday, Nov. 3, noon. Friedrich der Grosse, Thursday, Nov. 8, 9 a.m. Bonn, Thursday, Nov. 23, noon.

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Kaiser Wm. II., November 10; Aller, November 21; Werra, December 1; Kaiser Wm. II., December 15; Aller, December 25.

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## Anecdotal.

Mark Twain has reached the conventional honor of the popular man in England of opening an institution; he has just gone through the operation with a reading room at Kensal Rise. It is recorded that a little girl in New Zealand wrote to him recently, saying she liked the name of Mark because Mark Antony was in the Bible. Mark Twain replied that since Mark Antony had got into the Bible he was not without hopes himself.

A party of Americans were sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine River boat, enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guide-book about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest old buildings a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows." "No," said a man standing by her side, "those are the shades of their ancestors."

Thomas Wilson of Washington was once arguing a case of some importance in the United States Supreme Court, and was dwelling upon propositions that were known to and accepted by every law student in the country, when he was interrupted by the late Justice Miller, saying: "Can't the counsel safely assume that this court understands the rudiments of law?" "I made that mistake in the lower court," retorted Mr. Wilson, "for this case would not have been here on appeal."

The late King of Italy was fond, like the famous "Arabian Nights" monarch, Haroun-al-Raschid, of dressing in plain clothes, and moving among his subjects as one of themselves. It was on one of these occasions, while traveling in a third-class railway carriage from Florence to a town a short distance away, that King Humbert was accused by an old orange-woman, who sat next to him, of picking her pocket. She seized his wrist and held on to him most valiantly, till they reached the station, where she gave him in charge. The King disapproved the charge, without disclosing his identity; but he was recognized immediately afterwards by one of the officials of the police court.

Mr. Arthur Symonds tells in the "Saturday Review" this story concerning his friend "Josiah Flynt," the writer on tramp life: "Not long since, he was

walking with a friend in the streets of New York, when he suddenly said: 'Do you know, I wonder what it is like to chase a man? I know what it is like to be chased, but that would be a new sensation.' The friend laughed, and thought no more about it. A week later Flynt came to him and showed him an official document appointing him a private detective. He was set on the track of a famous criminal, made his plans, worked them out successfully and captured the criminal. Then he was satisfied; he has done no more work as a detective. Is there not, in such an incident as this, a wonderful promptness, sureness, a moral quality which is itself success in life?"

## The Idle Word.

The L.O.L. and the S.G. A Mistake of Temper.

There is one thing more dangerous than another just now," said the woman in the red waist, "it's the idle word." When one speaks viciously, deliberately and strongly, one knows that the words may come back with interest, but one indulges and takes the risk of repetition. It's the word one doesn't consider, the jesting word, the careless word or the funny remark, never intended to hurt or evoke a reply, which rises up, under the incantation of the stupid, the malicious, the sensitive hearer, and confronts one like Banquo's ghost. Did you never take a nickname on someone and forget it the next moment, and have yourself quoted as habitually using it to the detriment of the poor, inoffensive object? Did you ever use a not-to-be-denied descriptive phrase in talking of an experience or an acquaintance, and have it repeated like a vowel in the mountains, until it nearly drives you to desperation? Or, worst of all, did you tell the tale told you, to the wrong person, and be reduced to the value of three times by the resentment which met you? All these happenings are very liable to follow the idle word, and it's a sounding tribute to the good nature of the world in general, considering how many millions of idle words are daily uttered, that the end of all things has not already come in everlasting smash and wreckage. One learns to value idle words aright, to forgive and make allowance for them, to forget them as quickly as possible. God be thanked, for thus only should they be met and disposed of.

I submitted myself last week to the care of the little old lady, being possessed by a cough that would not be routed. Did you ever know that delicate, firm, golden-brown fried sweetbreads were the most excellent diet upon which to oust a trouble of that sort? Or that fresh-baked Greening apples, with a froth of luscious pulp bursting through shining bronzed skins, dusted with sugar and islanded with fresh cream, were the very best thing for a cold? And did you ever have every movable yard of woolen goods, and every little bit of soft goods, and every bottle of liniment, and every sort of cough mixture, and mustard leaves and lozenges put in and outside of your throat and neck and chest? And were you told, with positive conviction, that you were better, when you'd just coughed till your lung seemed rent asunder, and were manifold down and wool and other coverings heaped upon you after you'd retired until for very oppression you drowsed off to sleep in the midst of an interesting story and heard about your ill-manners between sneezes the next morning? And didn't it nerve you to rout that cough by any means, when you saw the triumph of the little old lady in her simple and delightful remedies, and her unswerving faith in their ultimate success? I feel very sorry for the lot of you, who have neither coughs nor wonderful little old ladies to be wise and coddling and curing for you. Believe me, any sort of a disease is worth contracting to ensure the delightful presence of the L. O. L. aforesaid, and you'll admit that some, at least, of her remedies aren't bad to take.

The other day I was put in charge of a small girl, who journeyed with me for half a day on the train. The general impression was that she was in my charge, but for once appearances were indeed deceitful. She had a large parcel of toys and a large bag of lunch, which she began upon before we left the railway station. The Pullman car didn't awe her, until I told her the porter would put her out if she dropped one crumb. She set her table on a sofa, using my newly-purchased paper as a cloth, and washed through an alarming sequence of buns, cakes, apples and bread and butter. She interviewed the porter to corroborate my story of the latter's berth, and made him pull one down for her. Then she was lost, for the space of one wild five minutes, and discovered locked in the washroom, roaring for release and quite incapable of finding the catch with which she had emulated the hapless Mistletoe Bough lady of doleful dittydum. I didn't want her let out, feeling very safe and happy while she was locked up, but the porter declined to keep tab on the door in case she discovered the catch, and just when we were in the thick of our dilemma the small girl walked out, quite composed and dignified, with evidences that she had employed the moments of her incarceration in a skirmish with the brush and comb. While I went to dinner she interviewed the passengers, giving them information of which I dare not conjecture the substance, but every one indulged in covert or open grins when I came back and discovered her snugly curled up beside a very proper looking woman, to whom she was giving details at the top of her lungs. The questions she asked her would have put Li Hung Chang to the blush, and we all know he has heretofore held the record as a quizzer. I was glad enough to see the heels of her, as, hugging the depleted lunch bag, she charged after her portmanteau, which was a study in



'Will you play with me, giant?' 'Why, of course I will, my dear.' 'All right! You be the fat iv and I'll be the giant, and put you in prison!'—'Punch.'

black leather and white clothes-line. The small girl is going to bless the "lumpy little" one of some unsuspecting family in the outlying districts of Canada. I wish them well through her administration, after my little experience of it.

I have just had a letter from a friend who has been spending some little time among our new colonists in the North-West. She tells me very little of what I want to know, but what she tells is all in praise of the peace-lovers who came to our land last year. "My beloved Douks," says she, "more beloved than ever." And she also has a fervent word of hope that the immigration policy of the present Administration may be allowed to be carried out. I should feel just as mean to disturb it as to achieve that climax of barnyard wickedness, chasing a setting-hen off her nest. The sublime ignorance of most of us upon the whole scheme accounts for the reckless criticism one hears, but sometimes an impartial and honest opinion comes tramping into the crowd of hearsays, doubts and misrepresentations. For such one is thankful, and gives it due weight and respect.

What a mistake it is to be too quick to take umbrage, and resent any omission or overlooking in the social world! It is all the same in a month, and generally in less time, and often the oversight was really not so, but a contempt due to someone outside happening to only people could see how cheapening is their resentment, how unseemly and unbecoming and often how unjust, many a bitter word would be left unsaid which hurts those who don't deserve it. True, it isn't nice to be "left out," whether by design or mischance, but the dignified woman or man won't proclaim it, and the sweet-natured person will overlook and forgive it. It is rather a safe rule to observe that no one is intentionally snubbed unless for good cause, and to remember that if the slight be unintentional no one feels worse about it than the offender. With a conscience clear of offence one can submit to wait until the explanation comes and be better friends than ever perhaps, with the other half of the misunderstanding. This isn't moralizing, but good working sense.

LADY GAY.

## Thackeray and Napoleon.

"When I first saw England," said Thackeray in one of his lectures, "she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the Empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills, till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking."

"That is he," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day and all the children he can lay hands on."

"There were people in the British dominions besides that poor black man who had an equal terror and horror of the Corsican."

The island was St. Helena, and this incident of childhood made such an impression upon Thackeray that he carried it in mind through life. It is probable that the famous scene in "Vanity Fair" was in a measure inspired by it.

## For Tailors

An odd thing about coats is the V-shape I nick in the lapel by the shoulder. That nick doesn't make the coat "set" better. It doesn't help the appearance of the coat in any way, yet that nick is in every frock coat worn the world over.

This is its reason: When the First Napoleon first gave way to his ambition he tried to implicate General Moreau in Pichegru's conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was popular, but, under the circumstances, as Napoleon was on top, it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau. Therefore, his admirers quietly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show who they were. If you look at the outlines of your coat lapels you will see that when turned a certain way they form an M.

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## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time, by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

An Irish Girl.—We were all proud of them! That was indeed a great weariness of the green we had, and couldn't help thinking of a young man, a sympathetic chord in every heart. A little sympathy is worth a lot to Irish hearts, isn't it? Your writing shows plenty of practical aims and a good deal of enterprise. You love pastures new, and should be a capital pioneer. Imaginations and a slight tinge of pessimism are visible. I think you are conservative in conviction, and don't part easily with memories, traditions or beliefs. Refined thought and some culture are noted, also great love of the beautiful. What a dear, queer old city was your parents' home! It was made on a bicycle at midnight, in a gale of wind. Think of that, now!

Identical—I am answering this just a few miles from you. Such things happen on holidays, you understand. I forget the smiles, but your remarks suggest many queer possibilities. So you think it's worth while being a man to go out and fight. But it's not for his fighting qualities that I admire Euden-Powell. It's his resource and patience and cheerfulness and kindness (all stay-at-home virtues as well) which I love him for. I think to go out and fight is a dire and dread "dernier resort." There are so many better things to do. Don't forget your Canada, if you are among the eagles. They're good people, too, but bit puffed up. Your writing shows quite abnormal force, energy and grasp of affairs. Adaptability, cheerfulness, persistence, clear sequence of ideas, love of your fellows, generous and sensible impulse, liking for social intercourse and some facility of expression with ambition but unsatisfied, and some impatience, are seen. You like nice, good and suitable surroundings and likely secure them.

Salubrious—You evidently did not arrive. It is no trouble. My correspondence column is generally very interesting to me. Your writing shows a very material, generous, forceful and cautious nature. You do not lightly trust anyone, and have generally the wisdom to keep your own counsel. You have good sense of the fitness of things, and would plan and arrange carefully. Generally you are cheerful and rather optimistic. Vivacity and bright perception, with determined action, are yours. You have



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some pride and your character is rather wanting in the smaller graces. But it's a fine, forcible and able study.

A Topsy C.—There is a good deal of independent thought and a frank and rather careless method suggested by this study. Writer has much regard for appearances, and is apt to judge largely from them. Would be apt to make an enthusiastic partisan at first, and find interest die out later on. Writer has generous impulses and generally looks on life's bright side. It isn't a finished hand, and will probably develop with time. With all its carelessness, it shows very good discretionary power and ordinarily the writer would be rather a safe person, to confide in.

Philathes.—Oh, go along with you. I've had Oct. 25 as the day of the return of the first contingent ever since May. People have noted it down to fear at me if nothing happened. As to the date of the elections and the result, I am not so sure. You were twenty-two days out. I was one week ahead, and noted for its crude force than any other characteristic. Won't you wait a while? You have brains, I am sure, and only need time to bring out many fine traits.

Star.—So you twinkle in Victoria, B.C.? Well, I quite agree with you that sailing is a fascinating pastime, and I hope you'll live long to enjoy it. Your writing is generous, good-natured, rather adaptable, lacking finish and reserve, but not at all likely to be foolishly trustful. You are not buoyant and you might be morose. A fine, honest, breezy personality, probably with most of life before you.

Beth.—The poetry wasn't at all necessary. Your writing is one of the studies that has a future, but is just now marred for its crude force than any other characteristic. Won't you wait a while? You have brains, I am sure, and only need time to bring out many fine traits.

Delinquent.—"Graphological Madam" is good. I feel quite uplifted. Well, to begin with, you cannot and shouldn't be expected to keep a secret. It would just slip out like your breath. Your temperament isn't emotional, nor do you yield gracefully to influence. You like systematic and careful method and are generally a person of your word. Practical and economical impulses rule your actions. You are, I fancy, impatient and perhaps nervous, and you like to get your own voice. You may not find it easy to ingratiate yourself with others. On one or two points you have original and clever thoughts. Real sympathy with beauty and harmony does not show, but upon such matters sound and slight of the beautiful has often power to please very much. There is capacity for business, but no impulse to speculation.

L'Eveque.—I don't quite understand your letter, but if you are a person, even a dignitary, I hope you write in good faith. "Mongrel beliefs" isn't a nice name for the convictions of those who differ from you. Those two words quite nullified the force of your long letter. Every belief has the same foundation, larger than sect and dogma, and outside all wrangling and bitterness, I suppose you sent it out. Being presumably a thoroughbred and no mongrel, you'll be quick to proclaim it when you arrive at bigger things. You persons who take so much authority are a marvel to me. You're a bit archaic, my lord; wake up!

F. O. D.—Dear woman, never quarrel with the girl who wants to be a nurse. 'Tis, above all, a womanly impulse, if she hasn't got the right ring, she'll soon be found wanting. It is a hard discipline, that hospital training, and the truth won't endure it. I think it's largely a sheep-like impulse that moves the young things and that in a little space of time we shall find nursing as a life work has lost its charm. That so many nurses marry rich patients or annex young doc-

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## Anecdotes of One Hundred Years Ago.

(Concluded from last week.)

Jack Tar, it would seem, has the usual Englishman's reverence for wealth. In the great mutiny in the fleet in 1797 the sailors' leader in the Thames was a seaman named Parker, a demagogue with a fluent tongue and little brains, who assumed the name of "Admiral of the Fleet." He was suspected of using his new position for gain. To prove that he was not making money out of his comrades he told them: "I owe my washerwoman 8d. and have not money to pay her," whereupon one of the men shouted, "Well, then, you are a precious admiral, indeed!"

Admiral Duncan, then commanding in the North Sea, managed to quell this mutiny on his own flagship partly by judicious sternness and more by an appeal to the religious element to be found even in these hardened crews. In one of his "talks" to his crew at this time, of which his notes are still preserved, he rebuked their habit of swearing. The men, in reply addressing Duncan a letter, of which the spelling might be improved, although its sentiments are above criticism. "No one knows," say these contrite mutineers, "what unforeseen demon possess our minds to make us act as we did; therefore we pray and put our trust in the Almighty God that our future conduct may be acceptable to you and sufficient to convince you of our fully repenting of our past conduct."

The seamen of those days seemed to love close fighting above everything else. At the opening of the battle of Camperdown there was the usual amount of signaling, and one of the captains, Inglis, a Scotsman, puzzled and impatient at it, at last flung his signal book on the deck, exclaiming: "Up with the helm, and gang into the middle of it!" In this same fight, when the attention of Onslow of the "Monarch" was drawn to the fact that there seemed to be no gap in the Dutch line through which they could pass, he replied coolly: "The 'Monarch' will make a passage." Boarding was the rule, and this called for quick wits and hands in crew as well as in captain. When the "Brunswick" ground against the hull of an enemy's ship at Camperdown it was found impossible to haul up her mizzen mast. The English gunners promptly shot them out with their own guns. Meantime a remarkable struggle occurred in the small open space between the vessels to the rear. The space was so narrow that the men loading at the English portholes could see the French crew opposite busy at the same task, and the rival gunners raced furiously to get their gun discharged first. "At one point," relates an officer of the "Brunswick," "our men, by shouting and gestures, endeavored to scare the Frenchmen from their object, but without effect, for one of them was on the point of putting the cartridge in the gun when one of our men suddenly seized a rammer and, reversing it, reached over, twisted the worm into the Frenchman's clothes and hauled him overboard. That settled the business in our favor!"

The story of Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar is interesting. While the fleet on the day of the battle was drifting toward the French and Spanish lines Nelson, who had gone below, returned presently to the deck of the "Victory," and said to Blackwood that he "would amuse the fleet with a signal." After reflecting a moment, he said: "Suppose we signal 'Nelson confides that every man will do his duty.'" Someone suggested "England!" instead of "Nelson," and Nelson caught at the improvement. The signal officer explained that the word "confide" would have to be spelt, and suggested instead the word "expect," which was in the signal code. Thus did the signal reach its final form. "England expects every man to do his duty." The historic words were not, as tradition has it, relayed with cheers by the fleet. Collingwood, who had just admonished his own officers "to do something that day of which the world might talk," after "stood on his quarterdeck, calmly munching an apple, when the signal fluttered from the 'Victory's' peak. His only comment was: 'I wish Nelson would stop signalling. We know well enough what we have to do.'"

Wellington was the antipodes of Nelson—little fire, at least on the surface. In his very witlessness there is a certain grimness. A remiss commissary, whom General Cranford had threatened to hang if provisions for his soldiers were not up in time, complained to Wellington. "Did General Cranford go as far as that?" said Wellington. "Did he actually say the word hang you?" "Yes, my lord, he did," said the almost tearful commissary. "Then," was Wellington's unexpected comment, "I should strongly advise you to get the rations ready; if General

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Cranford said he would hang you, by G—, he'll do it!"

Truthfulness was Wellington's chief characteristic. He held this virtue to be the first requisite of a gentleman, hence the opinion he once expressed of his great antagonist Napoleon, to whom truth was a stranger: "He never was a gentleman." Of Wellington's military virtues the greatest perhaps was coolness. The calm of his mind was never disturbed, least of all in the presence of danger. Sir William Erskine relates how once, in the Peninsula, Wellington, with a division, became separated from the rest of the army in a dense morning fog. From some prisoners who were brought in it was learned that the entire French army was in their immediate front. If the fog lifted they were lost. All were disturbed save Wellington, who said in the coolest tone: "Oh, they are all there, are they? Then we must mind what we are about."

Wellington, in spite of his aristocratic instincts, was popular in the ranks. To the soldiers he was "the hook-nosed beggar that beats the French," instantly known to them notwithstanding his plain uniform. In the Pyrenees, when he appeared unexpectedly before some regiments, from which he had been separated for years, the veterans in the ranks instantly recognized their old leader, and raised the familiar cry, "Douro! Douro!" (He had been known to them as Baron Douro). They felt towards him the highest confidence which soldiers can give their leader—that under him their lives and sufferings were not wasted. After the battle of Albuera, Wellington visited the hospital at Elvas, then crowded with the wounded of the 29th Regiment. "Well, old 29th," he said. "I'm sorry to see so many of you here." "There would have been fewer of us here," was the reply, "if you had been with us."

By long odds the character of this period was the Prussian Field Marshal, old Prince Blucher, a sort of military Nelson, who preferred the risk of battle to the dangers of inactivity. The confidence of the troops in "Marshal Vorwaerts" (Forward), the significant name by which they knew him best, was without bounds. The men, as he rode along the Prussian columns, would slap his knees with a soldier's salutation, "Good work to-day, father." Others, for instance Gneisenau, shaped the strategy of his campaigns; but of this Blucher was not at all jealous. Once, in a London drawing-room, he declared, jestingly, that he was the only man present who could kiss his own head, and thereupon went up to Gneisenau and bestowed a sounding kiss upon his face. Toward the English, also, he and the Prussians in general felt none of the present-day German jealousy of England. After the fight at Waterloo a Prussian column, chancing to pass a British regiment, fell into slow-step and played the English national anthem, and its general, riding up to the regiment, asked to see the English colors. When the tattered flag was produced he grasped it to his breast and kissed it solemnly, crying, "Braves Anglais!" Blucher also, when he met Wellington in this battle, embraced and kissed him before the two armies. The only words for which he found utterance, a queer compound of German and French, were "Mein lieber kamerad" (My dear comrade), and then, "Quelle affaire!" (What a fight!); "which," says Wellington, "was pretty much all the French he knew."

## Are Quick to See.

Good Doctors Are Quick to See and Appraise Real Merits in New Medicines

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a discovery of great value to the medical profession and the public. They are an unfailing specific in all cases of dyspepsia and disordered digestion. A most everybody's digestion is disordered more or less, and the commonest thing they do for it is to take some one of the many so-called blood purifiers, which in many cases are merely strong cathartics. Such things are not needed. If the organs are in a clogged condition, they need only a little help and they will right themselves. Cathartics irritate the sensitive linings of the stomach and bowels and often do more harm than good.

Purging is not what is needed. The thing to do is to put the food in condition to be readily digested and assimilated. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do this perfectly. They partly digest what is eaten and give the stomach just the help it needs. They stimulate the secretion and excretion of the digestive fluids and relieve the congested condition of the glands and membranes. They put the whole digestive system in condition to do its work. When that is done you need take no more tablets, unless you eat what does not agree with you. Then take one or two tablets—give them needed help and you will have no trouble.

It's a common sense medicine and common sense treatment and it will cure every time. Not only cure the disease, but cure the cause. Goes about it in a perfectly sensible and scientific way. We have testimonials enough to fill a book, but we don't publish many of them. However—

Mrs. E. M. Faith, of Byrd's Creek, Wis., says: I have taken all the tablets I got of you and they have done their work well in my case. For I feel like a different person altogether. I don't doubt if I had not got them I should have been at rest by this time. H. E. Willard, Onslow, Ia., says: Mr. White, of Canton, was telling me of your Dyspepsia Tablets curing him of Dyspepsia from which he had suffered for eight years. As I am a sufferer myself, I wish you to send me a package by return mail. Phil Brooks, Detroit, Mich., says: "Your dyspepsia cure has worked wonders in my case. I suffered for years from dyspepsia, and am now entirely cured and enjoy life as I never have before. I gladly recommend them. It will cost 50c. to find out just how much Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will help you. Try them—that's the best way to decide. All druggists sell them. A little book on stomach diseases will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

## The Fable of the Poet.

ONCE upon a time there was a poet who worked very hard and earned only a very little money. This sounds like a fairy tale; but it isn't. The proverbial want of pence which vexes public men vexed the poet a good deal, especially on the day of the week when it was his landlady's custom to come up to his room to announce that her patience was finally exhausted, and that she would wait for her money no longer. And in those days the poet's Genius alone was the friend who stood by him, nursing him to bestir himself to fight the good fight and weather the storm. And though to him she was little more than an empty shadow, a vague something that might or might not exist, he listened unconsciously to her dainty goading, and strove with a lofty purpose to wrest from the hand of Fate the laurel crown that poets affect to prize more than a kingly crown.

And the poet went out into the world and rattled off fanciful poems, while the newspapers read his praises and interviewed him, and gave photographs of his drawing-room after the furniture had been specially rearranged for the purpose. And publishers scrambled over each other in their hurry to offer him large sums for masterpieces yet unwritten, or for the privilege of putting his name to the work of an unknown hireling who had sold his birthright for a pot of messpots. And the seeming landlady of his olden days who had been wont to speak of him with pitying contempt, joined with the others in fluttering round him and soaping him with cheap praises, while he twanged a third-class lute at whole sale rates to meet the large demand for cheap, salable stuff.

And among the crowd that haunted him in his new world the poet's Genius was not. She and he had been such sturdy friends in the old days that she thought if once she called he would at least accord her a hearing. But the day she came he was writing some very martial poetry—something that was reckoned to start the mob howling and yelping with wild patriotic glee. And when the poet heard who it was that had called upon him he told his servants to send her away.

"Tell her," he said, "I have no use for her now. I am a popular poet."

The moral of this is that, if you are not popular yourself you should not write spiteful things about those that are—"Pick-me-up."

## His Infantile Taste.

One of the brightest women of New York literary circles moans aloud to her friends because her husband, who never was anything but unitary, has at last gone mad over a little novel-reading, thus proving the latter to be, like learning, a dangerous thing. It seems that it has for years been the boast of this man that he had never read a novel in his life. His literary wife made sensible little excuses for him, as well she might, for his financial successes made her own social position possible. He never talked books, but, no more did she talk stocks. She had respect for his world of stocks, and the knowledge that he had none for her world of books she overlooked with rare feminine good-will, tolerance and diplomacy.

She was very ill not long ago, and during one of his nightly vigils after he had exhausted the newspaper, while he was watching the clock to carry out the physician's orders, he inadvertently picked up a book, and, opening it, began to read. He sat up all night reading. The book contained one of those simple little romances which delight the heart of sweet sixteen, and was called "Darkness and Daylight," written by Mary J. Holmes, but it opened up a new world to the stock-bound mental organism of that man. So now whenever his wife is entertaining the literary lights or lions of the hour he waits for the moment when someone mentions a book, and then he at once demands with the assurance of a litterateur, "But did you ever read 'Darkness and Daylight,' by Mary J. Holmes?" adding in tones louder and more convincing, "Now, I tell you there's a book worth reading. I tell you it's great. Greatest book ever written!"

It's no use for her to argue the case with him. Certainly no use to decry the book. Can't he read the book himself? Therefore he knows. It's no use for her to try to hush him up, or to pretend she doesn't hear. Everybody hears. She has tact, and she knows better than to contradict a practical, successful business man. But she gets a nervous chill, and thinks longingly of that dear past before he ever read a book.

## The Terrible Age of Women.

"Oh, but it is not old age I mind; it is middle age."

These lines, uttered by Mrs. Langtry in the role of the matured heroine of "The Degenerates," are something more than a brilliant flash of cynicism. Middle age is above all others that a woman needs to dread—not because here she stands lonely on a neutral ground of life, void of the admiration of youth, excited and as yet uncheered by the veneration of old age in puffs, cap and kerchief may command. It is because the middle-aged woman is in great danger of falling into the commonness of life—of filling her waking hours and her dreams with nothing better than the whole world does, and ceasing to care about it. Says Dr. Mahan, a celebrated mystic of the Church of England, whose keen insight has an enlivening gift of expression, "What I dread most for myself and for others is the gradual, almost unconscious, descent into an air of world-

liness, which quenches the ideal, without making one, however, less useful, less moral, or less respectable in every way."

To hold to your ideals at thirty-five as resolutely as you hold to your marriage vows—that is the one bit of heroism in a woman's life most worthy of admiration and achievement. It counts wonderfully for her own self. It is all that makes her worth while to others.

## Curious Accidents in Fiction.

In a recent number of the "Overland" there is a story, Uncompagne, by H. B. Bishop, which bears a striking resemblance to one of Frank Miller's tales published in "Harper's Monthly" nearly a score of years ago. In Mr. Bishop's story a miner is killed by a bullet fired from a revolver and his partner is accused of murder, because there is no other theory upon which to account for the death. A subsequent scientific investigation proves by experiment that the revolver was discharged by a ray of sunlight through a knot-hole and reflected from a mirror in such a manner as to cause the cartridge to explode from the heat, the bullet passing through the brain of the sleeping man, who was killed instantly. In Miller's story, A Canillary Crime, an artist was found dead on his pallet in his studio, shot and instantly killed in some mysterious manner and by some unknown assassin. Circumstances entirely apart from the case directed the attention of a friend of the dead man to the effect of a canillary attraction upon some bits of bent wood. It called to the recollection some of the conditions in the studio at the time of the murder—a wooden manikin dressed as a brigand in the act of drawing a pistol which the artist had been using as a model and which stood directly beneath a skylight. There had been a heavy rain during the evening and the water had drenched the model. Experiment proved the correctness of the theory that the wet wood forming the hand of the figure had swelled sufficiently to exert pressure enough to discharge the loaded weapon.

"Are you old enough to vote?" asked the tourist in North Carolina. "I dunno erackly what my age is, boss," replied the colored man; "but I kin tell you dis: I allus was old enough to know better dan to try to vote."—Washington Star.

Newspaper Man—I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot. Censor—I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets.

## Growing Girls

Should be Bright, Cheerful, Active and Strong.

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers at This Period as It Involves Their Daughter's Future Happiness or Misery—Some Useful Hints.

Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elastic step, and a good appetite, are the birthright of every girl. These are the conditions that bespeak perfect health. But unfortunately this is not the condition of thousands of growing girls. On every side may be seen girls with pale or sallow complexion, languid, stoop shouldered, and listless. Doctors will tell them that they are anemic, or in other words that their blood is poor, thin and watery. If further questioned they will tell them that this condition leads to decline, consumption and the grave. What is needed is a medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus restore the vigor, brightness and hopefulness of youth. For this purpose no other discovery in the annals of medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thousands of once hopeless girls have been made bright, active and strong through their use. Among those who have been brought back from the grave by the use of this medicine is Miss M. C. Marceaux, of St. Lambert de Levis, Que. Miss Marceaux says: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak of the benefit I have experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years I resided in Wisconsin with a relative, where I devoted my time studying English and music, intending to make the teaching of the latter my profession. I was never very strong, and my studies fatigued me much. When about fourteen I became very pale, suffered from severe headaches, and weakness. I consulted a doctor, and acting on his advice, returned to Canada. The fatigue of the journey, however, made me worse, and finally I got so weak that I could not walk without help. I was extremely pale, my eyelids were swollen, I had continuous headaches, and was so nervous that the least noise would set my heart thumping violently. I almost loathed food, my weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds. Neither doctor's medicine nor anything else that I had taken up to that time seemed of the slightest benefit. I was confined to bed for nearly a year, and I thought that nothing but death could end my sufferings. Happily an acquaintance of my father's one day brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I did so, and I thought they helped me some, and my father got more. After I had used a few boxes all my friends could see they were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was enjoying better health than I had ever had in my life before, and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I tell you this out of gratitude so that other young girls who may be weak and sickly may know the way to regain their health."

Girls who are just entering womanhood are at the most critical period of their lives. Upon the care they receive depends their future happiness. Neglect may mean either an early grave or a life of misery. If mothers would insist that their growing daughters use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally, rich blood, strong nerves, and good health would follow. If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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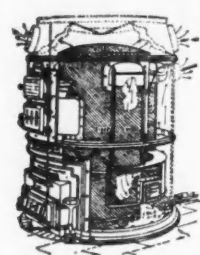
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TWO HEATERS are not better than one.

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Coal Furnace will heat every nook and corner of your house at little cost. Built like a Baseburner and as economical as one. Fire travels three times the height of furnace before entering smoke pipe.

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The Famous Baseburner

Other stoves have two flues, the Famous has three, giving one-third more heat than any other make, with the same fuel. All parts exposed to fire are extra heavy. Two sizes with a good baking oven. Three sizes without oven. Every stove a double heater.

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# THE McGLARY MFG. CO.

Dooley on Education.

The troubled Mr. Hennessy had been telling Mr. Dooley about the difficulty of making a choice of school for Parkey Hennessy, who at the age of six was at the point where the family must decide his career.

"'Tis a big question," said Mr. Dooley, "an' wan that seems to be worryin' th' people more th' it used to whin ivry boy was designed fr' th' priesthood with a full understandin' be his parents that th' chances was in favor iv a brick-yard. Nowadays they talk about th' education iv th' child before they choose th' name. 'Tis: 'Th' kid talks in his sleep. 'Tis th' fine lawyer he'll make.' Or: 'Did ye notice him admirin' that photograph? He'll be a great journalist.' Or: 'Look at him fishin' in Uncle Tim's watch-pocket. We must thrain him fr' a banker.' Or: 'I'm afraid he'll never be strong enough to wurruk. He must go into th' Church.' Before he's baptized, too, d'ye mind. 'Twill not be long before th' time comes whin th' soggarth 'll christen th' infant. Judge Patrick Aloysius Hinnissy, iv th' Northern District iv Illinoy, or, 'Professor P. Aloysius Hinnissy, LL.D., S.T.D., P.G. N., iv th' faculty iv Notre Dame.' Th' innocent child iv his cradle, wonderin' what ails th' mist iv him, an' where he got such funny lookin' parents fr'm, has thim to blame that brought him into th' wurruk iv he dayvillos into a second-story man before he's twenty-wan an' is took up be th' p'ols. Why don't you lade Parkey down to th' occyalt an' have him fitted with a pair iv eye-glasses? Why don't ye put goloshes on him, give him a blue umbrella, an' call him a doctor at wanst an' be done with it? To my mind, Hinnissy, we're wastin' too much time thinkin' iv th' future iv our young, an' thryin' to larn thim in school what they oughtn't to know

till they've grown up. We send th' child to school as if 'twas a summer garden where they go to be amused instead iv a phintin' where they're sint fr' th' original sin. Whin I was a fa-ad I was put at my ah-bee, ab's, th' first day I set fut in th' school behind th' hedge, an' me head was sore inside an' out before I wint home. Now th' first thing we larn th' future Mark Hannas an' Jawn D. Gaterses iv our naytion is waltzin', singin', an' cuttin' pitchers out iv a book. We'd be much better teachin' thim th' strangle hold, fr' that's what they need in life."

## The First Principle.

"Never mind," said Parks, as Sparks, in his nervousness at being left in sole charge of the baby and its patent food, failed to get the nipple properly on the bottle and spilled half its contents over the infant.

"Never mind, the kid is sure to be a popular club man."

"How do you know?" asked Sparks of the self-constituted mother.

"Oh," answered Parks, as the baby yelled while Sparks wiped off the milk from its face and neck, "ain't it sayin', 'The drinks are on me?'"

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CURES Headache, Constipation and Indigestion.

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**MISS NELLIE JAMES**, the Toronto contralto, who is shortly to leave for Europe to continue her studies, was given a complimentary concert in Association Hall on Wednesday, the 17th inst. The large attendance testified to the popularity of the young lady, who was given a gratifying reception. The assisting artists were Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., the well-known elocutionist; Miss Mabel O'Brien, solo pianist; Miss May Mawhinney, Harry Blight, vocalists, and Mrs. Nicol Smith, accompanist. The College of Music Mandolin Club, under the direction of Mr. Smedley, also contributed a number of popular numbers to the programme. Miss James' numbers were O Rest in the Lord (Elijah) and He Shall Feed His Flocks (Messiah) and a couple of secular numbers. The quality of her voice was displayed to advantage in the sacred numbers, and in her renderings she showed a distinct advance on her efforts of the past season. She will have to guard against a tendency, however, to drag or draw in the carrying of the voice—in other words, in the "portamento," which can become as much a vicious habit as the abuse of the tremolo. Miss James was enthusiastically applauded several times during the evening. Mr. Shaw recited with his accustomed power, and the other artists all helped materially in the success of the occasion.

Mr. Albert D. Jordan of Brantford has also been invited to give a series of organ recitals at the Pan-American Exposition.

Mr. Cowen's Idyllic symphony has been published by the firm of Breitkopf & Hartel, Leipzig, so that there will now be a chance for the Toronto Orchestra to order a copy and play it in this city. The symphony will be played this season in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bournemouth, and in the course of the next series of the London Philharmonic orchestral concerts.

The popular military concerts at the Massey Hall will be resumed this (Saturday) evening, when the Band of the 48th Highlanders will supply the music, with the assistance of some local vocalists.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, who returned from New York on Monday, has already resumed her teaching at the Conservatory of Music, and the large number of pupils desirous of studying under this gifted and able teacher will be pleased to hear of her return to the city. Mrs. Wyman reserves from 3 o'clock until 4 every day except Monday, at which time she may be interviewed in her studio at the Conservatory of Music.

The Toronto Orchestral School, which has been a factor in the past in developing orchestral players in Toronto, is to be reorganized, and will meet for rehearsal on Monday evenings at the College of Music, Pembroke street, the first rehearsal to be on Monday evening, November 5, at eight o'clock. Those desiring to join may make application to Mr. Torrington.

Special classes for the study of ensemble music, piano, and piano with strings, are being formed at the College of Music. So much of the best in music has been written in this form it is always a source of pleasure to the musician, whether pianist or string player, to join in its interpretation. These classes are open to all piano players, whether connected with the College of Music or not. Enquiries have been made from time to time regarding opportunities for piano playing with strings, and Mr. Torrington has arranged these classes, which are open to all at a nominal fee. Advanced pianists desiring to play in ensemble have the opportunity through these classes. Regular rehearsals will be arranged. Application may be made to the College of Music.

Mrs. Black will give her first lecture recital at the Conservatory School of Elocution on Saturday, October 27, at 11.15 o'clock, in Elocution Hall. Her subject will be "Imagination and Emotion in Art." During the course Mrs. Black and Miss Greta Masson will give two dramatic and song recitals in the Conservatory Music Hall. Mrs. Black is already known in Canada as an artist. Miss Masson is a young singer for whom Boston critics prophesy an artist's place. No less a man than William F. Apthorp, musical critic of the Boston "Transcript," says of her: "After hearing Miss Masson sing several things in various styles I find that she has a beautiful voice, excellently well trained. She sings with natural expression and good musical instinct and understanding, and is, in my judgment, well qualified for appearing before the public."

Last Saturday afternoon the following programme was given at the Toronto College of Music by pupils of F. H. Torrington: Chopin, Polonaise, C sharp minor, Georgina Knight; Wieniawski, Valse de Concert, Percy Hook; Chopin, Berceuse, D flat, Lizzie Brebber; Liddle, Abide With Me, vocal, Florence Walton; Rachmaninoff, Prelude, Eleanor Kennedy; Wely, Offertoire in E flat, organ, Maude Gavnor; Silas, Elegy, organ, and Raff, La Pileuse, piano, Charles Eggett.

Mr. William Reed has been offered an engagement to play a period of organ recitals at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next year. On Thanksgiving Day Mr. Reed opened

the large electric organ in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, and he is also engaged to play during November recitals at Montreal, Perth and other points. It is expected that he will also play a recital in the Music Hall of the Toronto Conservatory shortly. Mr. Reed's programmes are always interesting and well arranged, and his eminence in the special field of recital playing is unquestioned.

Since the opening of the Mendelssohn Choir subscription list applications have been pouring in from all parts of the country. Subscriptions filed up to November 15 will rank first in choice of seats. Seats may be obtained at Nordheimer's, Whaley, Royce & Co., and Ashdown's music stores.

The coming visit of the Leipzig Philharmonic Orchestra naturally arouses interest in the conductor of the organization, Herr Winderstein. He is apparently in his musical prime, as he was born at Luneburg, Hanover, in 1856. He studied from 1877 to 1880 at the Leipzig Conservatory, where Herr Schradieck taught him the violin and Richter and Rust theory and composition. He also played among the violins of the Gewandhaus Orchestra. From 1880 to 1884 he was leader of the violins in the private orchestra of Baron von Derwile at Nice, and thereafter till 1887 violin teacher at the conservatory at Winterthur, Switzerland. He then went to Nuremberg as conductor, directed the Kaim and Philharmonic concerts in Munich, and in 1896 founded the orchestra of sixty bearing his name in Leipzig. This orchestra is now known as the Leipzig Philharmonic. Herr Winderstein succeeded Dr. Kinkel as conductor of the Leipzig Singakademie. He has made concert tours in Germany, Russia and Sweden.

Mr. E. A. Hilton of Montreal, in a letter to the London "Musical Opinion," dated September 8, writes as follows in reference to the discussion as to the comparative standing of Handel: "I do not wish to be regarded as a detractor of Handel, but I must say that I think that the musician is considerably overrated as, apart from his choral works, it is out of the question to compare him with Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven or Mendelssohn. To say that he was 'master of them all' and the 'greatest of all composers' is simply ridiculous. The fact of the matter is, the reason of the great popularity of Handel's oratorios lies in their simplicity of construction and massive choral effects. It is no use to say they have no equal; for what can be grander than those two choruses in the Elijah, viz. Thanks Be to God and Be Not Afraid? In my opinion, if the public were educated up to the proper point in music the Elijah would be just as popular as the Messiah, for it is far more dramatic."

I commend to those vocal students who have become cranks about patent methods of voice production—not omitting, of course, the anatomical—the following, from an article by Mr. Hermann Smith, in the current number of the "Music Trades Review" (London): "The modern complaint of the listener is not of the nervousness of the singer, but rather it is of the too evident self-consciousness of the vocalist; and we credit it, however truly I know not, to the modern methods of what is called voice production. The singer is there, thinking about his voice and how he is producing, or is going to produce, it. All through his song he seems to be preparing it—you feel like one awaiting in a chemist's shop whilst the prescription is being made up. The formalism of the whole affair irritates, and we begin calculating the commercial value of the singer. Ah! what complainers we are! The singers of the platform fail to satisfy because nothing seems spontaneous in the voice; there is no rapture in the song. Many can say with Hawthorne: 'I have heard many singers, but few songs'; and his comment about conduct in life can well be applied to the singer's method in his art: 'We all go wrong by a too strenuous resolution to go right.' I fancy that it is the heartiness of a good choir or a large chorus that stirs us to enjoyment and makes us believe in the moving power of music; the heartiness is contagious, we catch the spirit of the singers and the pulsating glow of the song."

While Mr. Frank Weisman has many manuscript compositions of his own, a brilliant minuet which I have before me from the publishers, Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., is, I think, the first that he has introduced to the general public. In style it follows the old school, reveals scholarly care in the progression of the parts and betrays the practised piano player in many technical details. It is seizing and melodious, and, while not easy, should be within the grasp of the player of average ability. This little piece will no doubt be most favorably received by the public and the profession. It makes a capital and effective encore piece which may be appropriately offered after a heavier work. It will create a desire to become acquainted with further compositions from Mr. Weisman's pen.

The receipts of the recent Birmingham Musical Festival reached the splendid total of £14,952, an advance of £972 on the receipts of 1897. To this may be added £290, estimated amount of donations which had yet to come in, making the gross increase £1,172. It is expected that £6,000 will be available for the charity—the General Hospital. The failure of the festival appears, according to all accounts, to have been the serious short-comings

of the chorus. Mr. Bennett, the veteran musical critic, attributes the defects to the fact that the chorus is largely made up of a permanent festival chorus. He is convinced that a permanent chorus, although only partially drawn upon, is a mistake. As a rule, and as the result of very natural delicacy, members are retained when their prime is passed. A chorus should be specially organized for each festival and disbanded at its close. He recommends also that the conductor of the festival should attend more frequently the rehearsals and impress upon its members the readings upon which he relies for effect.

The annual election of officers of the Toronto Ciel Club, held at the meeting on Wednesday evening of last week, resulted as follows: President, Dr. Ham; vice-president, Frank S. Weisman; secretary, W. J. McNally; treasurer, A. T. Cringan; executive committee, Dr. Fisher, Rechab Tandy and Edmund Hardy.

Mr. F. H. Torrington has been invited to play a series of organ recitals at the Pan-American Exhibition, Buffalo.

In London the ordinary first-class player at the opera or concert expects a guinea a performance, one rehearsal being gratis, with further rehearsals at half rates. The principals are paid twice or thrice these rates. But for a regular and prolonged engagement there is little difficulty in securing a first-rate orchestra at an average of about \$17 a head a week, providing that a portion of the day-time is at the disposal of the player for giving lessons. In theatrical orchestras the rates are lower. Orchestral players in Toronto generally get \$5 a night for single performances at the opera or in oratorio. In the latter case they have, however, to give several rehearsals, as, with few exceptions, they are naturally not so efficient as their professional brethren in London or New York.

On August 28, 1850, just over fifty years ago, Wagner's Lohengrin was first performed at Weimar. Wagner does not seem to have thought very highly of the opera, for he offered the copyright as payment for an old piano-forte and was seldom loath to depreciate its value in conversation. Liszt, on the other hand, took the deepest possible interest in the work from the time of its production onwards. Writing to Wagner, he said: "Your Lohengrin is a sublime work from one end to the other. The tears rose from my heart in more than one place. The whole opera is one indivisible wonder. The third act is the acme of the true and beautiful in art." After the production of Lohengrin, Liszt urged Wagner to write a new great opera, saying, "Behold, we have come thus far; now create a new work, that we may go further." The outcome of this suggestion was Der Ring Des Nibelungen. The copyright of Lohengrin in Germany has now expired.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the West End Y.M.C.A. gave a very pleasant entertainment at their hall on Tuesday evening, October 16. Miss Jessie Alexander gave several selections in her best manner. "The Kindergarten Tot" was specially good, and her rendering of "Enchanted Arden" with musical accompaniment by Mrs. Blight, was very fine. Mr. A. Gorrin is an old favorite with Toronto audiences, and was in fine voice. Miss Isabel Heggie of Brampton has a soprano voice of much sweetness and shows evidence of careful training. She rendered A May Morning, by Denza, in good style, and her singing of Scotch songs is very happy. Miss Ella Maxwell rendered Mozart's Sonata in A with pleasing effect. Mr. Edmund Hardy, Miss Bae, accompanied the singers in his usual artistic manner.

Edward Barton, the newly-appointed singing master at the College of Music, who comes to Canada with a large experience in church musical services, having held good positions in England and Paris as solo bass vocalist, has been appointed choir leader and master of the chorists at St. Margaret's Church, Spadina avenue.

The pianoforte scholarship recently offered by Miss Frances S. Morris of the Toronto Conservatory of Music for open competition has been awarded to Miss Muriel Rogers.

The Princess Chic, the merry little opera which made a success here last season, will soon return to the Grand Opera House. The new leading lady, Miss Marguerite Sylva, has been winning pronounced successes in the States.

#### CHERUBINO.

#### Important Railway News.

During the past week both the G. T. R. and C. P. R. winter time table went into effect. As usual the Toronto Weekly Railway and Steamboat Guide was first in the field with the new time. This Guide has been almost ten years before the eye of the travelling public, and is being more appreciated every day. Besides showing the mere time of trains leaving and arriving, it shows the trains that carry mail and express, mileage, fares, and in fact everything that pertains to railway news. It is conceded by everyone who has even seen it, that it is the best railway guide ever published. It is arranged alphabetically, and this enables a person to find a station without a moment's hesitation. This Guide is published weekly, delivered every Monday, and is placed in a handsome oak frame. It is also thoroughly reliable and correct in every respect, and no business man who does any travelling should be without this handy convenience. The cost is only ten cents per week, and a sample copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of either a post-card to the secretary, No. 10 Melinda street, or 'phone 1475.

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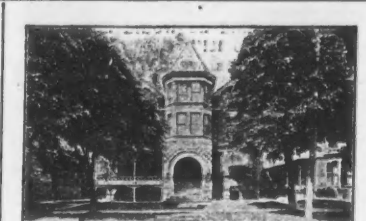
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Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kavanagh, who have been visiting in Buffalo and New York, have decided to remain in the latter city until December.

Mrs. Ziba Gallagher will be at home to her friends on the first and second Thursdays of each month, at her home, 18 Maynard avenue, Parkdale.

On November 1 the Graham Dermatological Institute will remove from 41 Carlton street to 502 Church street, four doors north of Alexander street.

A correspondent writes, in reference to the late Mrs. Rechab Tandy, whose death caused so much regret: "The deceased was the youngest daughter of the late John A. Greenwood of Kingston, Ont., formerly of Halifax, Yorkshire, England. Mrs. Tandy was very musical, and in her days of health did public concert work as soprano, pianist and organist. Although the funeral was private, a large number of friends attended. The service was conducted by Rev. James Allen, M.A., assisted by Rev. Dr. S. D. Chown. The music was beautifully rendered by Mr. J. M. Sherlock's quartette choir. Mrs. Tandy was a member of Sherbourne street Methodist Church. The relatives present from Kingston were Mr. Herbert Tandy, B. A., Mr. C. T. Chapman and Mr. N. T. Greenwood. The Conservatory of Music was represented by Dr. Edward Fisher and several prominent members of the faculty. The floral tributes were many and were personal tokens from Mr. Tandy's pupils and friends in Kingston and Toronto; also a massive wreath from the Conservatory staff. The bereaved Mr. Tandy and Miss Louise Tandy have the deep sympathy of a large circle of friends. The funeral service held at Mount Pleasant on October 13 will be followed later on by burial in the family lot at Cataraqui Cemetery, Kingston, Ont."

Miss Mowat held her first reception this season at Government House on Thursday afternoon. I regret that the date was not determined on in time to have been announced in these columns last week. Miss Mowat will receive on Thursdays during the season.

Bishop DuMoulin was in town for several days this and last week. His Lordship of Niagara looks very well, as all his friends were pleased to remark. Miss Mary DuMoulin paid a flying visit to Toronto last week.

Last Saturday Mrs. William Laidlaw gave a most pleasant tea for her guest, the Bishop of Quebec, at which a large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Miss Laidlaw and Miss Scarth presided in the tea room. Mrs. Ives of New York did not leave as intended for New York, much to the pleasure of friends of her house, who met her at Saturday's tea. Among these were Mrs. Sweetman, Bishop and Mrs. DuMoulin, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Dr. Parkin, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Macdougall and Mrs. Irving Cameron.

Mrs. Riddell and her sister, Mrs. James, are spending a few days in Buffalo this week. Miss Eva James has gone for a time to Danville, as she has not been very well for some time.

The Stratheona banquet at the Pavilion on Monday evening will see a great and representative assembly of banqueters and a very smart party of ladies in the galleries to hear the speeches and enjoy the dainty snack and sip of wine usually served to them there. Full dress is a compliment most women will be quite ready to pay to the guest of the evening, whose gallant and generous gift to the Empire has given a new title to brave men. Stratheona's Horse have well repaid the staunch Scotsman whose money flowed to organize the corps.

Hon. J. Enoch Thompson has gone to Madrid on business connected with his position as Spanish Consul for Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra and Miss Perkins have returned from the old Land, and Yeoman Hall once more houses its popular and hospitable master and mistress. They got home last Friday evening.

Miss Beale Hees has returned from Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. N. Lash are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lash, Breadalbane street.

The Yacht Club hops close on Monday evening with a full dress dance, which will probably last a bit beyond Cinderella hour, and for which dainty refreshments are arranged. Members will come in their smart yachting togs and gift buttons. Quite a number of guests are preparing to enjoy this finale of a most successful series.

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2. "La Vieille de l'Ange Gardien".....Pierne "Fly Minuet," from opera "Der Bajazzo".....Czibulka String Quintette.
3. "Fantasie" for Clarinet, from "Pre Aux Cleros".....Paradis Mr. Staats.
4. Aria from "Les Noces de Jeannette".....Massi Miss Ellsbree.
5. "Cello Solo—"Fantasie Polonaise".....Sereals Mr. Landsman.
6. Selection—"Mignon".....Thomas Sextette Club.
7. Violin Solo—"Fantasie Caprice".....Vieuxtemps Mr. Loud.
8. Song (with Clarinet Obligato) "Alpen Lied," op. 167.....Spaeth Miss Ellsbree and Mr. Staats.
9. Marcia—"A Petit Pas".....Sudessi Sextette Club.
10. Selection from "The Serenade".....Herbert Sextette Club.

As this is the first appearance of the Club in Toronto, and coming as they do so highly recommended, they will no doubt be greeted by a crowded house, more especially as the price of admission has been placed at 25 cents; reserved seats 50 cents. Seats may be reserved at Ambrose Kent & Son's, Yonge street. The plan is now open.

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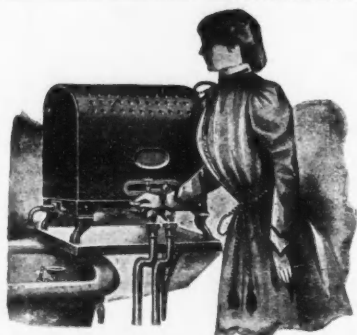


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## A New Cryptogram.

The following paragraph from an English paper shows to what an absurd length the cryptogram business can be carried by ingenious persons:

In Shakespeare's name lies the key to a wonderful cryptogram. The spelling "Shakespeare" was the poet's nom-de-plume, while "Shakespere" was his name, an evident change from "Shakespeare." In each of the two spellings last given are ten letters—four vowels and six consonants. Combine these two figures, and we have the number 46, the key to the mystery. Turning to the Forty-sixth Psalm in the Revised Version, it is found that the Psalm is divided into three portions, each one ending with "selah." Remember the number—46. Counting forty-six words from the beginning of the Psalm, one reads the word "shake" in the first portion; and, counting forty-six words from the end of the Psalm, one reaches the word "spear." There is "Shakespere" as plainly as letters can make it.

## Social and Personal.

Trinity annual athletic dance will be given on November 22, in Convocation Hall. Further particulars will follow.

The engagement of Mr. David Thornburn Symons and Miss Frances Bond of Guelph is announced.

Miss Hay of 24 Isabella street is leaving to spend the winter in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Campbell are settled for the winter at Mrs. Mead's pension, 268 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Campbell will receive on the first and second Fridays of the month.

Miss M. Small has returned home from New York, and will be at home to her friends on the second Thursday of each month at 705 Spadina avenue.

Mrs. J. R. McMillan (nee Might) will receive the first and second Thursdays in each month at the residence of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Might, 11 Springhurst avenue.

Miss Hope Morgan's ballad recital this evening is the engagement occupying most of our smart people. An added interest is the debut in Toronto as a pianiste of Miss J. Frances Byford, a very fine musician whom Krause has been teaching for three or four years past in Leipzig. Miss Byford is a sweetly pretty young girl, naive and bright in manner and not at all betraying her force and temperament until her fingers are on the keys of her beloved instrument. She was the youngest pupil Krause ever accepted, and the great maestro made a special pet of her.

The family residence of the Misses Wrinan, 619 Church street was in holiday mood on one perfect October day last week. Pretty and artistic girls and women gathered together to celebrate the opening of a studio arranged by the bright, clever young artist, Miss Mary Winch, whose return to Canada from England forms a very pleasant event in art circles. For more than two years she has been working as only those who truly love art can do, and been a faithful attendant at the Grosvenor Art School in London. Her work, and a charming portrait of a pretty young maiden, entitled "The Girl in a Lilac Frock" attracted much notice on the wall of the Academy in 1898, especially her miniatures on ivory (taken from life receiving the highest praise. It was very charming to note in the dainty studio the fair young owner so full of vim and energy and the love of art crushing out all criticism and jealousy in our well known lady artists, who had all some kind congratulations to offer their young hostess who, with her sisters, gave a graceful welcome to the numerous guests. Though only just returned home the young artist is daily completing and sending away life-like miniatures. Mrs. Colin Campbell, wife of Hon. Colin Campbell of Manitoba, Miss Katharine Moore and Miss E. Wills of our city have all had their pretty faces transferred to ivory.

Miss Eager, of San Antonio, Texas, is visiting Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. A. A. Morris has gone to New York and Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Fred McIntosh returned from a short visit West on Monday. Miss Maude Dwight has returned from the West coast. Mrs. Paterson, of Embro, went home last week. Mrs. W. H. Scott has removed from St. Patrick street to 77 Grange avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Wright are visiting relatives in Colborne and elsewhere. Dr. Wright is quite better. Miss Jean Milne has returned to London, England.

The marriage of Mr. Gordon Osler and Miss Margaret Ramsay took place at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, on Wednesday afternoon of last week. Rev. Dr. Barclay performing the ceremony. The church was profusely decorated with white 'mums and palms and a very large and smart company witnessed the marriage. Seven bridesmaids, Misses Ramsay and Ruby Ramsay, sisters of the bride, Anne Osler, sister of the groom, Belle Oswald, Evelyn Marler, Muriel Greenshields and Amy Cassels and a little flower girl, Miss Constance Ramsay, made up the bride's party. The ushers were Mr. Travers Allan, Mr. Jack Savage, Mr. Herbert Redpath, Mr. Hugh Osler, brother of the groom, and Mr. Graham Drinkwater. The bride wore white duchess satin with chiffon and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids veiled with duchess lace and the tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms. The gowns of the maidens in attendance were of crepe de chine with Napoleon hats of mink. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay gave a large reception at their residence after the marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler left for a tour in the States. After the honeymoon they will return to Toronto and reside at 63 Madison avenue.

On Thanksgiving Eve, Miss Evans and Miss Madeline Evans gave a most enjoyable and well arranged tea at the residence of Dr. Evans, 97 Spadina avenue. Miss Evans and her pretty dark-eyed niece (whose 'cello playing has been enjoyed by many, and who is an earnest student) received in the drawing room, which was beautifully decorated and artistically draped. American beauty and sunset roses in the reception room and pink carnations and white chrysanthemums on the pretty tea table where the following young ladies assisted in looking after the guests: Miss Kathleen Evans, Miss Henrietta Smyth, Miss Grace Hogaboom, Miss Maud Millman and Miss Florence Woolverton. Among the guests were: Mrs. and Miss Covert, the Misses Cassels, the Misses Cowan, Miss Hoyle, Miss Findley of Hamilton, Mrs. George Evans, the Misses Evans, Mrs. Eakins, Mrs. and Miss Schulte, the Misses Smith, Miss Smythe, Miss O'Meara, Miss Miriam Sweeney, Miss Marjorie Wood, Miss Marjorie Fitzgibbon, the Misses Moffatt, Mr. Ricardo Seaver, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Frank Hincks, Mr. Willie Mockridge, Mr. Charles Evans-Lewis, Mr. Fred Evans, Mr. Vernon Evans and Mr. Paul Hahn.

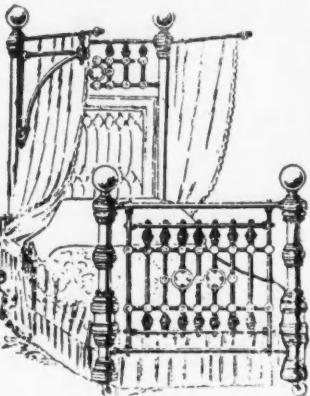
The Whirl of Society Events.  
Fashion's demands on a gentleman are as fastidious as nearly as on the lady. Speaking now particularly of society functions in general and the little embarrassments which often occur through lack of knowing just exactly what is correct in apparel would not occur if "my gentleman" would consult so high an authority on dress as Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block. Mr. T. makes a special feature of "society" garments, and is especially well equipped to execute orders for dress suits, Tuxedos, Raglans, Inverness, etc., etc.

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Gunn—Oct. 21, Mrs. James Gunn, a son.

## Marriages.

Graydon—Shaw—At Vars, Russell Co., Ont., on Wednesday, 17th October, by Rev. A. W. E. Butler of St. Peter's Church South Mountain, W. J. Graydon of Streetsville to Annie Shaw, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw of Vars.  
Atre—McWilliam—At 268 Gerrard street east, Toronto, on Oct. 24th, by Rev. Scott Howard of St. Matthews, Howard Atre to Isabelle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McWilliam, all of Toronto.  
Krausman—Shedy—Oct. 22, Wm. Krausman of Montreal to Kate Shedy.  
Mellen—Holmes—Oct. 23, Charles R. Mellen of Geneva, N.Y., to Susan Helen Holmes.  
Kingsmill—Beardmore—Oct. 17, Captain

Charles Edmund Kingsmill, R.N., to Frances Constance Beardmore.

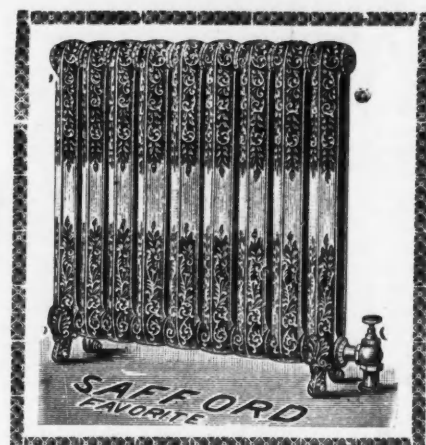
## Deaths.

Logan—Oct. 22, Mrs. Mary Eliza Logan, Findlay—Oct. 23, John Findlay, aged 68.  
Bird—Oct. 22, Mrs. William Bird, aged 64.  
Ruttan—Oct. 23, Charles Ruttan, aged 80.  
Moses—Oct. 24, Thomas Moses, aged 56.  
Bennett—Robert Bennett, aged 53.  
Brown—Oct. 24, Charles Brown, aged 60.  
Watman—Lyly Watman, aged 17.  
Steele—Oct. 21, George Steele, aged 53.  
Godfrey—Oct. 20, Thomas Ray Godfrey, aged 86.  
Williams—London, Oct. 20, Elizabeth, Ethel Ward Williams.  
Wood—Oct. 21, Mrs. Thomas Wood, aged 72.  
Kemish—Oct. 20, Mrs. A. J. Kemish, aged 26.  
McIntosh—New York city, Oct. 19, Mrs. Isabella Walton McIntosh, aged 78.

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